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GERMANY must disarm. She must carry out the disarmament provisions of the Treaty of Versailles, and of the Spa agreement. It is true that the world would be better off had those conventions provided for general disarmament on both sides of the Rhine; it is true that the partial failure of Germany to fulfil her obligations has been grossly and mendaciously exaggerated for political ends; and it is true that the armed guards still existent in Germany are in reality menaces to German civil peace rather than threats to France. They must go, both for Germany's sake and for the sake of the world. Germany has reduced her regular army to 100,000 men, as required by the treaty. But the further provision that "the maintenance or formation of forces differently grouped or of other organizations for the command of troops or for preparation for war is forbidden," has not been obeyed. The so-called security police is in fact a military organization, carrying guns. The variously constituted Einwohnerwehr, or citizen guard, is in many places a class military organization, intended to fight any "bolshevist" outbreak. And finally the secret "Orgesch," with a membership variously estimated at anything up to a million, is an organization at least partially armed, also anti-socialist in purpose. Germany says that she is unable to disarm the citizen guards in East Prussia and Bavaria. She must, or confess utter incompetence as a government. There is no part of the treaty more worth enforcing. These half-armed organizations provide the food on which French hysteria feeds, and tacit tolerance of them adds to the bitterness which breeds bolshevism in Germany.

BUT if France invades the Ruhr, or marches up the valley of the Main, in order to force observance of the Spa agreements, she will be doing grievous mischief to herself and to Europe. Occupation of the Ruhr could only cut down the production of coal, and since the Spa conference last July the Germans have loyally fulfilled their agreement to deliver to the Allies two million tons per month, harsh though the obligation has been. If France attempts to cut off South Germany from North, she will be carrying on the policy of encouraging Bavarian separatism which has been largely responsible for the present impasse. If the reactionary Bavarian Government tells the Berlin Government that it will not disarm its citizen guards, French diplomacy is largely responsible for its insubordination. The French outcry against German armament is not entirely disingenuous. Apart from the French policy in Bavaria, France has encouraged Hungary to maintain more troops than the Treaty of the Trianon permits, and she is herself maintaining a military force utterly out of proportion to the real danger. Neither the provocative tone of the French nor the truculence of the Germans has been in the spirit of the preamble to the military clauses of the treaty, setting forth as their purpose, "to render possible the initiation of a general limitation of the armaments of all nations."

VON BETHMANN-HOLLWEG'S death removes a man who achieved fame not because he happened to be the German Chancellor when war broke out but because he blurted out the truth as to the German invasion of Belgium. He was a typical routine German bureaucrat of the better type and his utterance was typical also in that it was an example of the utter inability of Berlin statesmen to gauge the effect of their expressions upon foreign opinion. It was fortunate for the world that Bethmann-Hollweg did use his famous expression; not because there is a single country which has not on occasion made of its treaties scraps of paper—the United States certainly can throw no stones—but because it clarified the issue as to Belgium. After the German Chancellor had confessed the immorality and bad faith of the invasion of Belgium no amount of German propaganda could whitewash it. Naturally, the Berlin militarists and imperialists never forgave him for his truth-telling frankness. Had he been of first-class caliber Bethmann-Hollweg could have made himself the Bismarck of the war. But he had neither the force of character nor the ability to dominate the militarists as did Bismarck; and he failed utterly to subordinate them to the purposes of the civil government. Thus the disaster the Government of Germany so richly merited was rendered inevitable. After he retired, the power of Ludendorff waxed and the unrestricted U-boat warfare settled the fate of Germany.

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PRESIDENT DE VALERA'S return to Ireland is the act of a brave man indeed. With Arthur Griffiths in jail he not unnaturally felt the need of taking the helm again in person. That he risks imprisonment and death is obvious. The dispatches have said that if he came to negotiate for a compromise peace the English Government would not molest him, but that if he came for any other purpose he would be arrested forthwith. He knows well, therefore, what fate may be before him, particularly as he is reported to be in ill-health. If Ireland achieves independence Eamonn De Valera will rank high as a liberator. It is the fashion today to decry him in America because he is opposed to our chief ally in the war for the self-determination of peoples and nations. But we can fancy that Kossuth and Mazzini and Garibaldi and others are not scorning him if they look down upon him. They, too, came to America for aid, and money, and friends, and they found all three, for those were the days when the words liberty and freedom when uttered by sincere men were sufficient to arouse all Americans to a pitch of high enthusiasm. Mr. De Valera goes back, he declares, full of the spirit of America. We hope, then, that he will find the way to renew negotiations with England so that at least the killings by both sides may be stopped and the bases for a permanent settlement discussed. The President of the Irish Republic must set his face sternly against violence by his own people.

WHEN the ruined hungry cities of Belgium cried out for help, Herbert Hoover did not wait to ask any semi-official German governmental agency whether it thought help was needed. But when Cork lies a prey to the flames, Irish villages by the dozen are laid waste, and the Bishop of Cork appeals to the American Red Cross for help, our Red Cross pauses gravely and politely to inquire of the British Red Cross whether, in its opinion, the appeal of the Irish bishop should be heeded. The British Red Cross naturally says, no. All the more then, when our Red Cross so signally fails to live up to its mission, do we greet the organization of an American Commission for Relief in Ireland, sponsored by responsible financiers, adopting the methods Hoover used in Belgium, and equipped with a personnel largely recruited from among veterans of the Quaker relief work in France. It should go far to heal the gaping wounds of war in Ireland, working as it will in the elder tradition of American charity, knowing no politics and excluding no sufferers from its ministry. Its very organization constitutes another serious indictment of the Red Cross.

IT takes talent to be a member of the Administration's publicity staff—a sort of wall-eyed ability to look two ways at once and solemnly to announce that both eyes see the same thing. For months the Department of State has been announcing the removal of restrictions on trade with Russia. The latest step in this direction was taken by the Treasury Department which stated in all gravity that no Government restrictions would be placed upon the importation and acceptance of Russian gold by individuals and private corporations. The joker concealed in these fair words was unfortunately given away in the same issue of the newspaper which published the statement; gold of Russian origin, it was announced in another column, is of no value in the United States; the mint and assay offices are closed to it; even if it is melted into gold bars it is as worthless as putty. Thus, American merchants who trade with Russia may indeed "import and accept" Russian gold, but if they want to use it for anything more practical than mantlepiece ornaments or, as a "high Government official" has suggested, watch-fobs, they may as well give up the idea of bringing it in. American merchants trading with England or the Scandinavian countries or the Baltic states must be equally watchful. If an Esthonian importer, for example, pays for American goods with gold he has received from Russia in payment for his own exports to that country, the American merchant faces a dead loss. But the Treasury Department says that all restrictions on trade with Russia are removed and even gold can be imported and accepted as payment. What more can anyone want? All this talk about the Government's opposition to trading with Russia and its willingness to lose opportunities for business and profit must be, as a special Washington dispatch in the New York *Times* asserts, "nothing more than a clever instrument of communistic propaganda."

WE are not, it seems, the only country that more or less cheerfully pays 93 per cent of its taxes for war. Elsewhere in this issue is printed a statement of the British Chancellor of the Exchequer which estimates the contemplated budget of the Empire for the coming year. Exclusive of the cost of the army, navy, and air forces, the budget totals 813 million pounds. Almost half of this is interest on the national debt—essentially the war debt—which has increased from 24.5 to 345 million pounds since 1914, or from 10s. a head to £7 13s. 4d. About 290 millions are to go for soldiers' pensions, ex-soldiers' land settlement, and other military purposes. Mr. Chamberlain estimates that the support of the actual military and naval forces will cost some 270 million pounds additional. Thus out of a total of 1,083 millions all but about 150 millions is for war or the aftermath of war. Meanwhile in England unemployment is increasing, rents are prohibitive, houses and coal are scarce, food prices continue high—and nine-tenths of the taxpayer's money is spent for the most unsocial and unnecessary and unproductive enterprise that can possibly be conceived. When will people see the criminal stupidity of such a budget? When will they realize that war is a monster that will not fail to devour them in the end?

IN connection with recent events at the Newbern Iron Works, in North Carolina, we are likely to hear from various sources that an experiment in "workers' control" has failed. As the head of the plant recently stated, no "workers' control" has been in effect nor was it demanded. The earnings of the plant having fallen off, wages were cut recently by 10 per cent. There was a one-day strike, after which the men decided to go back at the lower pay. Shortly after, another 10 per cent cut was announced. To avert another strike, one of the workers proposed that the plant continue in operation, and that after deducting expenses the returns be divided among the workers. This resulted in bringing wages down from an original 76 cents to 61 cents an hour; so the men again walked out. All this is nothing but the old-fashioned scheme of profit-sharing, but in this instance the shares proved to be losses. In any attempt at true co-operative industry it is obvious that the workers must expect periods of loss; but it is equally obvious that in common with ordinary well-organized businesses they must have reserves to carry them through such periods without reducing wages to a point where men cannot live.

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TO make two blades of grass grow in the place where one grew before is recognized as a service to one's fellows. To make two people live in the space where one lived before is in general a disservice. Yet that is our sole remedy so far toward solving the housing problem. Regulation of rents in various sections of the country has lessened the opportunity of landlords to exploit the needs of tenants, but it has still further retarded, rather than stimulated, the construction of houses. So far as room is concerned, it is only the infinite capacity of the people to be squeezed, physically as well as financially, that has averted more of a crisis than has yet developed. In New York and other cities, houses and apartments have been divided, two families living where one lived before, and each paying as much rent as one paid before. This has prevented an actual absence of shelter for most persons, but it has set back housing and sanitary reform twenty years, and is exposing us to imminent danger from disease and moral deterioration.

SENATOR CALDER is right in giving warning that, unless we find some way to encourage building through the employment of private capital, the Government will have to step in. He reminds us that England and France have already come to this, and that conditions cannot continue in this country without a public demand that will compel similar action. Among other suggestions to encourage building Senator Calder proposes Congressional action providing that 50 per cent of the savings deposits in national banks may be loaned on mortgage securities. He also advocates banks to lend money for home building, organized in connection with the Federal Reserve system. Both suggestions seem to be worth trying, although it may be doubted if they furnish the stimulus needed. Meanwhile every State legislature that meets this winter ought to make housing a leading subject for consideration. If we have to adopt a program of Government building, cities and States are probably in a better position to solve their problems intelligently and economically than Washington is.

PARLEY PARKER CHRISTENSEN, Farmer-Labor candidate for President last November, has not abandoned the habit he formed during the campaign of writing letters to public men, in which he often put much sound sense or propounded questions highly embarrassing to answer. In a letter to Mr. Wilson he says the deportation of Mr. Martens "does violence to the expressed sentiment of America," and continues:

> During July, August, September, October, and November, from the Atlantic to the Pacific, in crowded halls, I addressed thousands of my countrymen, of all classes, and practically without exception they are friends of Russia. At every meeting I spoke of Russia, and the mere mention of the word was electrifying; and when I urged, as I always did, the recognition of the Russian Soviet Republic, the affirmative response was tremendous. Though your Secretary of State seems ignorant of the fact, our people are friendly to Soviet Russia, and they should be encouraged to trade with each other. If the "lesson of the ballots" at the November election is not sufficient, give us a referendum, and "Russia, Yes" will be practically unanimous. This we believe to be a true statement of the facts.

BETELGEUSE is one of the nearer stars. It is one of the few firmamental luminaries that have a measurable parallactic angle—that is, it is one which, with our precisest instruments, shows some change in position during the earth's six months' swing from one end of its one hundred and eighty-four million mile orbit around the sun, to the other. Only a few score of the astral billions which our growing telescopes increasingly disclose, are sufficiently close. The neighborliness of Betelgeuse, eight hundred and eighty trillion miles away, a distance easy to write, impossible to comprehend, is preferredly estimated by astronomers in light years, of which a mere one hundred and fifty separate us. Michelson of Chicago University has just measured its incredible size. Yet neither he nor any other earthly mortal will ever actually gaze upon the now greatest known sun. The topaz which glitters nightly in the eastern winter sky is but a shaft of light thrust from this incandescent monster when Napoleon was in his cradle, when the United States were not born, when steamboat and telegraph were undreamt of. Michelson's discovery of a method of finding the size of stars whose distance is ascertainable, important as it is, is not as great a contribution to science as his measurements of the velocity of light. But establishing the size of Alpha Orionis as about 380 trillion times that of our earth has more than astronomical value. (An aviator flying at one hundred miles an hour would require three million years merely to pass this orb.) Such figures bring us to the verge of infinity; speculation as to the possible age and duration of such a star to the edge of eternity. These are useful mental exercises when the human microbes on our terrestrial fly-speck are still spending their living moment either destroying or preparing to destroy each other. It shows the shallowness and the pathetic futility of our mundo-centric philosophies, of our small-time conceptions, of our microcosmic horizons.

MORE than two thousand poems have been submitted by 835 poets in the competition for *The Nation's* Poetry Prize which closed January 1. Poems reaching the office after that date must be disregarded in accordance with the rules of the contest. All contestants are hereby reminded that, also in accordance with the rules, manuscripts submitted in this competition will not be returned. The prize-winning poem will appear in the Midwinter Book Supplement accompanying the issue of February 9. Certain other poems will be accepted at *The Nation's* regular rates. Writers who have not been informed of the acceptance of their poems by February 9 are free to dispose of them elsewhere.

TO stir the press of two continents, comment on the manners or habits of the young girl. Just now the question is what—and whether—she reads. At Chicago, where the American Library Association is holding its annual convention, a representative of the New York Public Library recently declared that the library-haunting maidens of Manhattan, if they may be judged by the books they most frequently ask for, read books of a classic seriousness, ranging from Henry Adams to Harry Franck. The cable took the glad tidings to London, where some one at the Chelsea Public Library avows that the British flapper also likes the classics, though the list he cites is singularly Victorian: Dickens and Marie Corelli, Tennyson and Browning. What did it in London, this Chelsea librarian hints, was partly the air raids, which confined people so long to their quiet hearthstones that they turned to literature, enduring, pitying perhaps, and at last embracing in a union that has turned out permanent. The next step in the argument is for some one to explain what boredom it was which turned our virgins to the graver quest.

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No Compromise on Disarmament

TO many other excellent services General Pershing has added that of urging upon his countrymen the immediate reduction of armaments. The head of an army actually recommending its decrease? It seems incredible, certainly contrary to all precedent, but it is true. Especially noteworthy is the fact that he squarely takes the pacifist's position that great military and naval expenditures make for war, for he said, according to the New York *World's* report:

> As we contemplate the causes of the World War and realize its horrors, every right-thinking man and woman must feel like demanding that some steps be taken to prevent its recurrence. An important step would be to curtail expenditures for the maintenance of navies and armies (tremendous applause).

It was gloomy commentary upon world conditions, he added, that Congress should actually be called upon to appropriate for the next fiscal year a sum "amounting to over $5,000,000 for every working day in the year." At that his audience is reported to have "gasped." So does every citizen who is brought face to face with a figure like this, just as every reference in every public meeting to the need for disarmament brings out enthusiastic applause. Even in Washington they seem to have caught the drift of things, for it is reported that the President, who but yesterday assured us that we must arm as never before if we did not enter the League of Nations, has now discovered that there is another alternative—an international disarmament conference to be held at an early date.

Indeed, every day brings its additional testimony to the public awakening to the fact that if the world does not disarm it will go bankrupt and perhaps wind up civilization with a still greater world war than that just ended. Cardinal Gasparri, the Papal Secretary of State, naturally supports the new campaign with the timely reminder that in August, 1917, the Pope appealed for the diminution of armaments, for the substitution for war of the principle of arbitration, for an agreement between all nations for the suppression of obligatory military service and the institution of an "international tribunal of arbitration, with the sanction of isolation and boycotting." In Germany, the late home of militarism, the proposal is greeted with enthusiasm by all who stood out against the Kaiser. In England there is a surprisingly unanimous approval for the naval holiday plan and a deliberate delaying of naval building plans to see what the immediate future will bring forth. Lord Loreburn, for example, declares flatly that the nations must disarm or starve. From France alone comes a discordant note; there the true lesson of the war has not been learned. As to Japan, where militarists and imperialists dominate the Government, Baron Hayashi, the Ambassador to Great Britain, declares:

> It is foolish and it is tragic to think of the big states of Great Britain, the United States, and Japan competing in a race for armaments. I believe an agreement could be reached quickly if the big men of each country assembled at a round table not as pacifists or militarists, but as business men out of whose pockets must come a large slice of money for the upkeep of navies. I think Japan is willing to enter such a conference.

To return to America, the chorus of those demanding immediate reduction of war expenditures, or a five-year naval holiday, includes not only men like Herbert C. Hoover, Colonel House, and E. H. Gary, but college presidents, judges, city and State officials, and churchmen who three years ago were mostly for preparedness and war. The plain voiceless people, it is needless to say, are everywhere for disarmament and peace. They know well that war invariably spells loss and never gain for them.

So far so good. But what is the immediate prospect for genuine disarmament? None too good. The chorus of approval which the campaign has thus far invoked is chiefly in response to tax pressure upon the pocket nerve. The business men who suddenly favor a smaller army and navy do so simply and solely because of the pressure of taxes. If these can be measurably reduced they will be satisfied, and the old, hoary falsehood that armaments are merely insurance of peace will become effective again. Moreover, Mr. Harding is for the greatest navy and demands that at least 150,000 boys be kept in military training at schools and colleges, even though agreeing upon heavy cuts in military and naval appropriations, while Congressman Anthony of the House Military Affairs Committee after a visit to Marion declares that the 15,000 regular officers, 100 per cent more than we had in 1917, shall not be touched, although these men breed and keep alive the militarist spirit. Plainly the talk is far less of disarmament than of reduction and retrenchment and the saving of money.

But what is more serious is the fact that of those who pretend to favor the grounding of arms many are of the same type of peace lovers as those who sabotaged the peace movement from 1914 on—the pretended lovers of peace like the members of the New York Peace Society who elected as vice-president the head of the Navy League, who saw nothing inconsistent in a Peace Society's declaring for universal peace and advocating more American battleships in the same manifesto. Then there were the avowed lovers of peace who insisted that they were for peace but must join in the killing of Germans, Austrians, Hungarians, and Russians just to prove it—advocates of peace across whose lips has come not a single protest against our warring upon innocent Haitians and Dominicans who never lifted a finger against America or injured an American. The "I-am-for-peace-but" man, particularly when he calls himself a liberal, or a liberal editor, and pretends that liberalism must be "practical" and join in the killing now and then to establish its influence, is the man to be feared in the new disarmament movement, as well as the statesmen and diplomats and rulers who will not outlaw war as war just as the duel was outlawed, and as Mr. Harding, in an unguarded campaign moment, said he wished war to be outlawed.

This is emphatically the time for no compromise whatever for those who feel, as *The Nation* does, that there is no crime and no villainy so terrible as war. For such there can be no bargaining at all, no acceptance of 15,000 military officers or 500; no consent that there shall be small cadres to be expanded into large when war comes. The whole business of making war must be fought unceasingly on the tremendous vantage ground afforded by the World War, which has proved so conclusively that war is not to be cured by war, any more than disease by disease, or private murder by more murder, or by licensed and restricted murder; that if another such war comes civilization perishes.

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British Labor on Ireland

IT is almost impossible even at this secure distance to look at pictures of the stricken city of Cork—as desolate and appalling as the dead cities of Belgium—and then to write dispassionately of the Irish situation. How much less could that group of honest Englishmen, the British Labor Commission, after standing in the wrecked streets of Cork, think dispassionately or write complacently of the work of their Government. Their report, part of which has been cabled over and been published in the New York *Times*, is an impressive piece of work, a combination of careful, candid reporting, vigorous denunciation and honest shame, and intelligent suggestion. They looked at the ruins of Cork and were not afraid to put the blame where they knew it belonged—on the forces of the Crown and ultimately on the British Cabinet. They saw terror and torture following in the track of the British forces and were not afraid to admit "feelings of the deepest horror and shame." The value of the work they have done can never be lost, even if the stubborn imperialism of the Government matches the stubborn desire for freedom of the Irish volunteers; and peace is thus brought nearer to Ireland and England by the British Labor Party, which, a little belatedly, has declared for the only policy that can bring a solution—complete self-determination for Ireland.

Apart from this single fine gesture, there is small cause for hope in the Irish situation. Police and black-and-tans and British soldiers are still being ambushed and shot and their barracks burned by Sinn Feiners. Homes of innocent Irish householders are entered, searched, burned; creameries and factories—which mean life to the people—are razed; harmless villagers are casually shot down as part of a cold-blooded, calculated policy of military reprisal. The official origin of the reprisals is attested by a statement issued the other day by the Brigade Major of Cork, part of which reads:

> As a result of the ambush and attack on the police at Midleton and Glebehouse it was decided by the Military Governor that certain houses in the vicinity of the outrages were to be destroyed, as the inhabitants were bound to have known of the ambush and attack and that they neglected to give any information either to the military or police authorities.

General Strickland has gone a step farther by proclaiming that an "attitude of neutrality" is inconsistent with loyalty and will render persons liable to punishment. Thus, practically every man and woman and child in a large section of Ireland is made an outlaw, held guilty without trial of any misdeed that may be done; and the psychology of terror and hate and suspicion which is being fastened on the Irish people makes the hope of peace grow steadily more remote. A prominent Canadian, recently back from Ireland, reproaches the people for continually stimulating their resentment against England by "dreaming of Cromwell." Headway is not made, he says, by looking over one's shoulder. Today, we may be sure, Ireland cannot see Cromwell for the smoke of Cork, and week by week new martyrs take their place beside the martyrs of the past.

But England still talks in terms of Empire. Even so lucid and liberal-minded a thinker as J. L. Garvin writes in the London *Observer* that the passage of the Home Rule Act has made obsolete the report of the Labor Commission and its solution. He expects "that the Belfast Parliament will be constituted and opened within the next four months and a working model of home rule will be set up in the Unionist North. . . . If De Valera and his friends prove just as extremist and unpractical, we must go on with unswerving hearts always open to give no more and no less than we should, while determined, come what may, to preserve the real federal integrity of the United Kingdom as a whole." This is gravely disappointing from such a man. Acts of Parliament cannot be treated with the solemnity and fatalism accorded an act of God; it is absurd to suppose that just because a miserably ill-conceived compromise measure, pleasing to no one, has been passed by the British Parliament, an Irish settlement is thereby effected. No settlement will ever be effected until "Mr. De Valera and his friends"—who comprise some four-fifths of the Irish people—shall become a willing party to it.

So moderate and so wise a man as Sir Horace Plunkett recognizes this fact. In two letters recently printed in the London *Times*, Sir Horace reviews the tragedy of British policy for the past two years and explains, in words that deserve quotation, his complete distrust of the Home Rule Act which, when he wrote, had not passed the House of Lords:

> Let me try to explain . . . what the "Northern Ireland" created by the bill really is. The new English Pale which is now to be set up, with Belfast instead of Dublin as its capital, is justified as a redemption of the pledge that Ulster shall not be coerced. Leaving aside the coercion of the rest of Ireland, it is almost certain that two counties, Tyrone and Fermanagh, will have to be compelled by armed force to sever their connection with the twenty-six counties of Ireland to which, if allowed self-determination, they would give their allegiance, by a substantial majority. It is strongly suspected that the dictators of the Government's Irish policy refused to consider county option because the agricultural vote of these two counties is needed to dilute the industrial vote, which might place in power over the author of the policy a Labor ministry. . . . If only British opinion would compel the Government to drop the insane proposal to force their scheme upon us and to give us, in a democratically elected assembly, full authority to frame the constitution we want—which tomorrow would not be a republic, even if it is today—the close of this chapter of Anglo-Irish history might be as bright as its opening was dark.

Thus Sir Horace Plunkett comes to the same conclusion that the British Labor Party arrived at in its proposed policy for Ireland, which called for "the immediate withdrawal of the British Army of Occupation from Ireland, and the repeal of the present measure of coercion which is now being applied," and "the setting up of a constituent assembly, elected on the basis of proportional representation, to draw up a constitution for Ireland—on the understanding that the constitution should be accepted by the British Parliament, subject to two conditions—first, that it provided protection for minorities; and, secondly, that it should prevent Ireland from becoming a military or naval menace to this country."

Labor in England succeeded in bending, if not breaking, the Government's Russian policy. Let us hope that its intensive campaign for Irish self-determination may help toward effecting a settlement by the methods of peace of this question which Mr. Garvin himself asserts "is not a local problem, but is a world problem"—justification enough for American interest in it.

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A Quack Remedy

ONLY six months have passed since the Republican Party in convention assembled virtuously declared: "We decline to deceive the people with vain promises or quack remedies." It may be that this statement was not intended to be understood as applying to anything other than the high cost of living or it may be that the farmers were not included among the people promised exemption from deception. At any rate only fourteen Republican members of the present Congress refused to vote on December 22 for the Fordney tariff bill, a quack remedy which its sponsors promise will bring prosperity to the farmers. A tariff on farm products, however high, cannot remove the cause of the farmers' troubles. Probably every Congressman knows that. The fourteen Republicans who remained true, in this instance at least, to the platform declaration may not possess more economic knowledge than their party associates, since they happen to have no farmer constituents to bunco. The forty-one Democrats who voted for the measure are probably as wise as their fellow "Jeffersonians," but doubtless harbor grave doubts concerning the intelligence of the rural voters who elected them.

The farmers are undoubtedly in a bad situation and it is desirable that they be relieved. But they are not suffering from foreign competition. Everything they produce or consume is heavily taxed. The Fordney bill offers no relief from that evil. Railroad rates, always oppressive, have recently been materially increased through the Esch-Cummins Act. The Fordney bill does not affect that act. Trusts exact heavy toll from the farmers. No one accuses the Fordney bill of causing a decline in the stock of any monopolistic corporation. The price of farm lands has soared so that the farmers cannot pay it and make farming profitable without getting very high prices for their product. The Fordney bill makes no change in this situation. So long as the consumers of farm products were able to pay high prices, farmers were able to make both ends meet in spite of high taxes, burdensome transportation charges, exactions of trusts, and inflated prices for land. But with the first signs of an industrial depression the purchasing power of consumers has fallen and prices of farm products have declined accordingly. There has been no lessening, however, of the drain upon the farmers' resources. They are accordingly hard hit. The Fordney bill does not alter the situation for the better. That it may do so for the worse seems to be the opinion of the fourteen good protectionists who voted against it. "You will make two lamb chops cost $1.30 again," predicted Congressman Madden of Chicago. If Mr. Madden is right it will not be the farmers who will benefit by the increase in meat prices. The meat trust and the railroads will take care of that, or, if these fail, the speculator in agricultural lands will reap the harvest. The average consumer, the city wage earner, will have to tighten his belt and eat less mutton.

General Isaac R. Sherwood, an Ohio Democratic Congressman who believes in democracy, exposes the bill as the same old fraud and robbery. Says General Sherwood:

> Under a tariff of 25 cents a bushel on wheat an average of 100,000 bushels per annum was brought into the United States; and that is all. Under a tariff of 25 cents a bushel on wheat, from 34,000,000 to 259,000,000 bushels of wheat were exported. Now we are afraid of 100,000 bushels from Canada when we have been exporting from 34,000,000 bushels to 259,000,000 bushels of wheat. We are seeking to impose the tariff of 30 cents a bushel on wheat, 5 cents more than the Payne-Aldrich rate, in the absence of any information at all on the subject. Just how much revenue we will raise by a tariff of 5 cents a pound on peanuts, none of the peanut statesmen who worked for this bill were able to state. Clearly this bill is an effective move to raise the cost of the necessaries of life to the plain livers of the country and to increase the cost of plain living and to promote the general unrest, under the delusive claim that it is in the interest of the farmers.

Aside from the direct aid the bill gives to the meat combination, it is designed beyond doubt as a sop to keep the farmers quiet when, later on, tariff legislation will be passed increasing the predatory power of the protectionists' pet monopolies, such as the Steel Trust. Whether it will accomplish its purpose remains to be seen. But it does seem as though it would have been wiser for the protected interests and for the Republican Party to have foregone the opportunity to enact protectionist laws. We are clearly in a period of severe industrial depression. Protectionism is now looked upon by its dupes as a reliable talisman against hard times. To pass a protective tariff law on the edge of a depression is to risk the disillusionment of these dupes. When Columbus, according to some historians, wished to impress the Indians with the belief that he could produce an eclipse he chose a time when he knew an eclipse was about to occur. Had he done otherwise he would have exposed himself as a fraud. It looks as though the protectionists, who say they can bring on prosperity, are about to commit the error that Columbus avoided. The result may prove disastrous to their credit and to the credit of their fetish.

The English Super-Banks

FIFTY years ago there were over two hundred separate banks in the British Isles. But since that time, while scarcely any new banks have been created, one by one they have been eating one another. In its early stages this process did not give rise to much public comment. When a big national bank with branches all over the country absorbed some small local banking concern, the only effect was to enhance the security of the local depositors and to widen the activities of the larger body. But latterly these amalgamations have been taking a different shape, for during the last two or three years there have been no less than ten cases of the fusion of two banks each possessing large funds and having branches spread over a wide area. The latest example was the announcement that the National Provincial and Union Bank of England would take over Coutts Bank. It is only a few years since Coutts itself swallowed up Robarts Lubbock & Co., while the National Provincial, in addition to its fusion with the Union of London and Smiths Bank in 1918, has itself devoured two other banks since 1917, so that the new combination will represent at least six banks of a little while ago. The public anxiety as to such combinations led recently to the appointment of a special Commission of the British Treasury to investigate, which issued its report in May, 1918.

The banks had argued that the amalgamations were a convenience and gain to trade generally (1) because they facilitated the process of collecting deposits from parts of the country where they were not required and placing them at the disposal of other parts which stood in need of advances, and (2) because large banks with large resources were able

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to make more generous advances. The commissioners decided that there was some weight in these arguments, though not so much as appeared at first sight. On the other hand they saw dangers in the reduced competition and in the threat of ultimate monopoly. While believing that the amalgamations hitherto consummated had not seriously reduced competition, they expressed their apprehension that a repetition of the process would certainly check it and might produce something like a money trust in the near future.

In order to avert this they recommended that in future amalgamations before being carried out should have to secure the approval of the British Treasury and of the Board of Trade, and that a similar approval should have to be secured in cases of interlocking directorates, agreements for control of one bank by another, interpurchase of shares, etc. These recommendations were the subject of a bill which was passed into law in 1919. Since then, until the absorption of Coutts Bank by the National Provincial, only two or three minor amalgamations have taken place.

Before attempting to forecast what is likely to be the development in the future, it will be well to sum up what is the actual position in England today. First of all there is the Bank of England, which, though it is essentially a bank of banks, though it alone among English banks has a considerable power of note issue, though it has many subtle relationships with the Government, remains a company owned by shareholders and managed by a board of directors. Secondly there are the "joint stock" banks, with branches all over England and in some cases all over the British Isles. Five of these are so large as to do between them 85 per cent of the total deposit business, amounting in all to about £2,300,000,000. Thirdly there are still left a few so-called private banks, some national and some only local. To the activities of these various banks must be added such functions as are performed by the Government itself which are analogous to banking. On the one hand there is the issue by the Treasury of one-pound and ten-shilling notes, of which there are some £330,000,000 worth in circulation today, and there is the Post Office Savings Bank, which fulfils most of the functions of a bank for the poorer classes and has total deposits of some £350,000,000, which is about 15 per cent of the total deposits of the ordinary banks.

So far, then, in spite of the amalgamations, the essential elements of the competitive banking system of the nineteenth century remain in existence. But when five banks between them, supported by the Bank of England, do 85 per cent of the whole business, one does not need the eye of a prophet to see that the old system is very near disappearance. Only a few additional amalgamations would be necessary to reduce the whole to a unified system with a single ownership and a single control. And even if this process comes to an abrupt stop in consequence of the new law, it is difficult to see how "gentlemen's agreements" can be prevented which will in effect eliminate competition and establish in reality the money trust which the commissioners viewed with such apprehension. If this condition comes about the community will be forced to contrive some means of protecting itself from this peril. If necessary, still greater powers of control will have to be acquired by the Government to deal with a monopoly which, if left uncontrolled, may easily become the master of the Government itself.

The "Private Citizen"

IN a New York newspaper the other day we saw a reference to our old friend the "private citizen." We have often wondered who a "private citizen" was, and why. What distinguishes him from a public citizen, and how? In this day when the newspapers are privileged to rout anybody out of bed at 3 a. m. to ask if his daughter knew the minister was a married man when she eloped with him, we had supposed that no form of citizenship retained much privacy. The newspaper reference in question was to the effect that so many applications had been made to the Police Department for permission to carry revolvers that it was unlikely that those filed by "private citizens" and "ordinary householders" would be acted upon for some months. The reporter who wrote that knows the Police Department; and (Eureka!) he has identified the "private citizen."

He is the man whose communication waits in a pile while those of other persons are attended to.

He is the voter whom politicians shake by the hand before election, and shake in every other way after.

He is the person who is too honest to pay graft and too poor to have a pull.

He is the public that turns over its government to bankers and big business, and then says: "The Government ought to get after those profiteers."

He is the electorate who, in the face of a world-wide need for a new political and industrial vision, hopefully elected Warren G. Harding as President of the United States.

He is the electorate who, in the face of these same conditions, hopelessly voted for James M. Cox for President.

He is the man who says you can't believe what you see in the newspapers—and then goes on believing it.

He is the man who is disgusted with the result of our entrance into the European War, but will shout for another with Mexico or any other country whenever the Government and the newspapers tell him to.

He is the man who, without protest, allowed prohibition to become the law of the land, and grumbles now because he has to pay more for his liquor.

He is the man who likes to sleep late Sunday morning himself, but doesn't know but what something ought to be done to give us the kind of Sunday our grandfathers had—but didn't hold on to.

He is the depositor who loses his money when the bank fails—after the stockholders have made their pile in dividends and the officers in salaries.

He is the man who pays an income tax of a hundred dollars or so, ninety-two of which are to pay the bills for past or future wars.

He is the midget whose only contribution toward reducing high prices is to declare feelingly: "Isn't it terrible how much it costs to live!"

He is the trades unionist whose boss patted him on the back during the war as a patriot, but now informs him that he can accept a cut in wages and the open shop or "get to hell out of here."

He is the consumer who gives the grocer a list of articles to be delivered, without asking the price of any of them.

Sometimes he is a woman who, having spent twenty years of her life and love on a son, sends him off with her blessing to kill, or be killed by men with whom he has no personal quarrel, in the licensed abattoir known as war.

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Face the Labor Issue!*

By THOMAS L. CHADBOURNE

I AM more concerned to analyze this nation's indifference to the three great fears that darken the lives of the poor—the fear of ill health, of unemployment, and of want in old age—than I am in the fact that this Association was responsible for the Federal bill protecting workmen in match factories from a loathsome occupational disease. I am more interested to find out why obstacles were thrown in the way of legislation to protect the compressed-air workers in underground work than I am in the fact that we finally obtained this legislation. The reasons for the indescribable slowness and unspeakable difficulties experienced in securing legislation to prevent lead poisoning are of more moment to me . . . than is the fact that we were instrumental in securing such legislation.

The reason why this nation was thirty-six years behind Germany and twenty years behind Great Britain in adopting compulsory accident insurance for employees is, in my judgment, worthy of a great deal more consideration than the fact that we drafted and aided the passage of a model bill for workmen's compensation for the half million civilian employees of the Federal Government.

It is a splendid thing to feel that we have secured one day of rest for factory employees in the most important industrial States in the Union and laid a splendid foundation for the extension of this principle, but even this does not impress me so much as the fact that we are still without insurance for wage earners against illness, while Germany has had such insurance for thirty-seven years and Great Britain has had it for eight years.

It is gratifying that this Association has had more to do with creating State industrial commissions than any other organization in the United States, and that these commissions are composed of the men who see the procession of the widows and cripples of industry and who inspect the work-places for the purpose of preventing accidents, but my pride in these accomplishments is tempered somewhat by my wonder why we are so bitterly opposed in our efforts to secure pension and insurance systems for the aged poor while Germany has had these provisions for thirty-one years and Great Britain for twelve years. . . .

There can be but one of two explanations for our failure to profit by the experiment successfully tried by these two nations. One is, that social insurance was not needed here as there. This we must reject. The difference in the workmen's pay between our country and these two countries has been practically met by the difference in the standard of living. The same fears of ill health and unemployment and want in old age that the Governments of Germany and England have been attempting to relieve are in the hearts of our own workmen. The other possible explanation is undoubtedly the true one: While we, for years, have been inviting the immigration of the foreign individual, we have erected a wall as high and as impassable as was our tariff wall against the immigration of liberal social ideas.

There is no doubt that contact with things they do not understand is distinctly disagreeable to many minds. A dog not only prefers a customary smell; he hates a good one. A perfume pricks his nose and tends to undermine all those moral principles without which dog society cannot exist. No more remarkable illustration of this could be cited than our attitude toward Russia. Notwithstanding the fact that a social experiment is being tried by that nation on the greatest scale known in the history of the world, we are not even curious to ascertain the details of that experiment, or, perhaps I should say, any details except the horrors which always accompany a revolution; but those portions of that philosophy of communism undergoing an acid test by 170 millions of people, the experiences in which might be of great and lasting usefulness to the human race, their importation is not encouraged, their discussion is not smiled upon, and our nation and the Allies have done all in their power to convince the Russian people that if the communistic experiment fails it fails not by virtue of its inherent weakness, but because of its external enemies.

You will remember that in 1906 there was an earthquake followed by a fire in San Francisco. The catastrophe had been impending for a long time. The night after it happened, and for some nights thereafter, the banker and his coachman, the merchant prince and Chinese opium joint keeper, the lady and the harlot, the ditch digger and his wife, gathered in one tent and slept under one blanket, and the world acclaimed it as an evidence of the brotherhood of man, as an evidence of the leveling qualities contained in a catastrophe, as an acceptance of the doctrine of the Nazarene. The earth stopped shaking; all neighboring communities sent aid in supplies and comforts of every nature; the fire was put out. The process of readjustment began, and soon the banker and his coachman, the merchant prince and Chinese opium joint keeper, the lady and the harlot, the ditch digger and his wife resumed their normal positions in the social structure, and San Francisco the even tenor of its way.

In 1917 an earthquake occurred in Russia. It, too, had been impending for centuries. Analysts of the social structure of that great country were more certain of the threatening cataclysm than were analysts of the geological structure of San Francisco. The quake came in the form of Kerensky's revolution; the fire followed it in the form of the bolshevist accession to power. Again the banker and his coachman, the lady and the harlot, the merchant and Chinaman were jumbled together, but this was not acclaimed as an evidence of the brotherhood of man; its leveling qualities were not apostrophized by our press, and the flames of resentment which made the fire in Russia were fed by France, England, Japan, and the United States by throwing troops into Russia, by instituting a blockade of supplies against the people of Russia, and by encouraging with advice, arms, and goods the Kolchaks, the Denikins, and the Wrangels, who were of the very bone and blood and sinew of those responsible for making the social structure of Russia an abhorrence and a stink in the nostrils of free men for generations past. And thus have we made it impossible for the process of readjustment to begin, and the social jumble there still continues.

The nations of Europe treated the French Revolution in much the same way, and that experiment is now approved by

* From an address delivered at the fourteenth annual meeting of the American Association for Labor Legislation, December 29, 1920.

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mankind as the greatest one single aid to the liberty of humanity the world has ever known.

You may think, and perhaps with reason, that Russia is far afield from labor legislation, but it stands out as the most striking illustration of this country's attitude with respect to the undesirability of all ideas which are not the ideas Americans are accustomed to.

In appealing for labor legislation, this Association is obliged to recognize that our national and State legislatures are practically without direct labor representation, and that this condition, when compared with the English, French, and German legislative bodies, is most marked, and in my opinion most menacing.

The labor leaders in this country have not only refrained from organizing a labor party, but until the last election have consistently refrained from attempting to make labor politically expressive. . . . Labor's inactivity in politics, its failure to vote as labor, has been reflected in the political platforms of both our great parties. . . . This has tended to produce a peculiar situation in our political life. I am not suggesting that this failure is all due to labor's aloofness from politics and the impunity with which the two great parties have been able to ignore labor as a political entity, but it must have had a great deal to do with it, and nobody can deny that the existing state of affairs presents a very strange spectacle.

Industry in this country has developed since the Civil War with great rapidity. Because of this, a large percentage of our population has been vitally interested in the relations between employer and employee, but all of these questions have been either settled or left unsettled, and in so far as they were left unsettled we have had direct action, that is, the strike and the lockout instead of political action. I believe everyone will admit that the most important problems in the lives of the greatest number of people in this country are the problems of the relation between capital and labor, employers and employees, and yet there has never . . . been an issue made between the two great political parties upon any of these questions.

As has already been stated, we do not find labor directly represented in the State and national legislatures. Neither is it directly or indirectly represented in the councils of either the Republican or the Democratic parties as they are now constituted. These councils are dominated by the employing group which has been willing, or perhaps I should say desirous, to have the difficulties between employers and labor left to other than political means for settlement.

The abstention of the laboring masses from political action to attain their objects probably arises from their belief in the effectiveness of direct action, a belief welcomed by the employer, as it leaves him in control of the governmental machinery to withstand direct action when labor makes its challenge along that line. But unless this growing industrial unrest, which certainly did not spring out of nothing and which has surely and steadily been increasing, performs the miracle of vanishing into nothing, a continuance of these attitudes by employer and employee is merely going to serve to widen the chasm between them.

Now, anybody who is waiting for this social unrest and industrial ferment to pass without attaining some of its objects is like the man Horace describes who lay upon the river bank waiting for the water to pass, in order that he might have a dry place to cross, not realizing the unlimited source of the river's headwaters.

The workman must be roused to the fact that direct action is never successful unless the cause in which it is urged has first been the subject of favorable political reaction, or to put it perhaps more simply, only when the cause is the recipient of favorable public opinion. For instance, English workmen were able to dictate to the British Government, by the threat of a general strike, a flat prohibition against supplying the enemies of the present Russian Government with supplies to be devoted to its destruction. That was because the public opinion of Great Britain was in favor of letting Russia attend to her own domestic problems. . . .

The workman must be educated to the collateral cruelty and wastefulness of strikes. I would like to have each one of them read a little one-act French play where the curtain rises on a workman's family affectionately taking leave of the father, who is departing to take up his night's work at one of the railway stations. His love of wife and children and his reluctance to leave are movingly portrayed. An hour after he has torn himself away the youngest child is writhing in pain. A physician is called who diagnoses the case as one for instant operation. The surgeon comes in and decides that the child cannot even be moved to a hospital. A table is moved over under the electric lights. The operation is performed, and before the severed arteries can be tied and the open wound cared for, the lights go out—a frantic mother and a panic-stricken surgeon. Candles are brought whose inadequate lights do not permit the surgeon to stop the flow of blood, and then while the child is bleeding to death, the voice of the father in the hallway calling to his wife, "Marie! Marie! We have declared a general strike and there is not a light burning in Paris!"

The employer must learn that the workman's impatience with the present social structure is mostly the philosophy of distress. If anybody stands on your pet corn long enough, you don't hesitate at murder if you cannot get him off in any other way. The employer must be made to realize that he cannot get his philosophy of distress too quickly into the political arena and take it out of the realm of warfare between the constabulary, the militia, the strikebreaker, and the picket. The employer must learn that history is full of revolutions produced by causes similar to those now operating in these United States.

I realize that while it is considered right to urge the danger arising from radicalism as an argument for governmental severity, it is considered wrong and improper . . . to urge the danger of radicalism as an argument for conciliation or political education.

I know of no way by which this education can be administered to employer and employee unless one of our great political parties will make its house ample and hospitable for all citizens who want the problems of today solved progressively and peacefully, by knowledge and by reason, and by political means, but who are bound and determined that those problems shall be solved, that is, by becoming a real liberal party; and then this party so constituted must go out to meet the present condition of affairs by securing an understanding of what the great bodies of the working people want and devise means by which their just demands shall be fairly met and their excessive demands squarely rejected.

The party that goes out to meet this situation, instead of emphasizing the old formula that all men are born equal, must let the laboring man know that it recognizes natural inequalities imposed upon many of the people from their

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birth so grave as to make it essential that if they are to be treated with fairness they must be treated with something akin to tenderness. The party that goes out to meet this situation must stand ready to bring home to the employer the artificial inequalities now existing which are so grave and serious as to be a scandal to civilization. The party that goes out to meet this situation must be prepared to learn that the fruits of the world are distributed in such a way as to be a travesty on human justice.

The leaders of the party that goes out to meet this situation must remember that they are politicians and statesmen and not antiquaries, because the people of this country are no more going to be content with reaction or with the return of the philosophy of twenty-five years ago than they are going to return to drowning witches, burning heretics, or selling slaves from the auction block. If one of our great parties will make its house thus ample and will honestly and earnestly seek to force industrial questions into the political arena for settlement, labor will cease trying to indemnify itself illegally for the denial of legal privileges.

The Federal Trade Commission Yields to Pressure

By GEORGE T. ODELL

Washington, December 30, 1920

IN the fall of 1919 the Federal Trade Commission issued a report laying bare the monopoly, profiteering, and extortion which it charged were enjoyed and practiced by the five big meat-packing corporations of Armour, Swift, Morris, Cudahy, and Wilson. This report contained the results of an investigation undertaken by the Commission at the request of President Wilson and conducted by a corps of from twenty to thirty expert accountants, examiners, and investigators sent into the field for that purpose. Most of these agents of the Commission were forward-looking men, alive to the menace of big business exploitation of Government and the public and sympathetically inquisitive toward all theories for the solution of social and political problems. To the particular task in hand, however, these investigators employed the precise science of mathematics in unraveling the complicated accounts which the packers had used to conceal their extortions and profiteering and the most exacting laws of evidence in dissecting the legal subterfuges through which they maintained their monopolistic control over food products.

On October 20, 1919, Senator Watson of Indiana attacked the Federal Trade Commission upon the floor of the Senate, charging eleven of its employees who had participated in the investigation of the packing industry with sedition and criminal anarchy. He secured the passage of a resolution authorizing a committee of the Senate to investigate these charges and solemnly swore that none of his information came from the packers. The Commission examined its employees, and issued a public statement exonerating them and denouncing Watson. It could hardly do otherwise considering the public nature of the attack. Meanwhile, the Senate committee was appointed, lawyers were engaged, witnesses were privately examined, and a large amount of public funds was lavishly expended, but the public hearings were postponed and remain postponed until this day. A year and more passed and on the first of December, 1920, out of the eleven who had been branded by Watson with the charge of sedition and criminal anarchy, only four remained in the employ of the Commission. It is fair to say, however, that some of those who left were engaged solely for the investigation of the meat-packing industry and their services were no longer required when that was concluded, while others resigned to accept better positions.

The four remaining on December 1, 1920, were Stuart Chase, A. S. Kravitz, S. W. Tator, and Earl S. Holmes. On December 4 and 6, respectively, Chase and Kravitz received notices that their services would be dispensed with on December 31 on account of "lack of funds." Tator in the meantime had handed in his resignation in order to accept a better-paying position. This blow fell upon Chase and Kravitz without any warning. The persecution that these men were subjected to during the past year it is only necessary to indicate by saying that the espionage of Mr. A. Mitchell Palmer's band of "Red Raiders" went so far as to examine every bit of trash which was taken from the homes of these four men.

Was "lack of funds" the real reason for discharging Chase and Kravitz? Let us examine the evidence. Dr. Francis Walker, chief economist of the Federal Trade Commission, did not know of the discharge of these men until after the fact, although both of them are subordinates in his division. Mr. Charles F. Napier, chief accountant who passes upon all matters having to do with appropriations, was equally in ignorance, although it has been the practice of the commissioners when reduction of the staff was under consideration to request the suggestions and recommendations of the head of the division and the chief accountant. As late as November 20, Mr. Miles, who under Mr. Napier had been investigating the status of the Commission's appropriation, told Chase that the economic division was more abundantly supplied with funds than had been supposed. When the blow fell Chase was in charge of cost finding for canned milk companies, covering refunds payable by them to the Government under War and Navy Department contracts. The amount of these refunds will exceed $200,000, but the work cannot be completed by December 31, and after Chase leaves, the Commission must either abandon it or else with a large waste of time and money have some one else check back over all the work already accomplished so as to be able to certify the amounts. Kravitz was engaged in writing sections of the final report of the Commission on oil, and his fellow workers declare that this task cannot be completed by his successor without reopening the original investigation.

"Lack of funds" was not the reason, as Mr. Kravitz was soon to discover when he commenced applying a little pressure upon the Commission. It has been customary for the Federal Trade Commission to ignore the civil-service list in building up its staff. In consequence, few of its employees enjoy the protection of the law designed to create stability in federal employment and place public servants beyond the vagaries of the political spoils system. But Mr. Kravitz is a civil-service employee and in discontinuing his services on account of "lack of funds" the Commission violated that law which provides among other safeguards that in such

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circumstances no civil-service employee shall be discharged until all other employees of the same grade who are not under civil service have been dropped. Moreover, the law provides that except for retrenchment no civil-service employee may be dismissed unless charges of misconduct or inefficiency have been made against him and a hearing granted. The Commission did not follow the procedure required by law in any particular in the case of Mr. Kravitz.

When Mr. Kravitz laid his case before Victor Murdock, the former Progressive Congressman from Wichita, Kansas, the commissioner exclaimed: "My God, are you under the civil service? If I had known that I could have stopped the whole thing." Next, Mr. Kravitz took his troubles to J. P. Yoder, secretary of the Federal Trade Commission. "How does it happen that I have been discharged on account of 'lack of funds' while there are so many others in my grade outside the civil service who have not been dismissed?" he inquired. "Oh, well, of course you know that lack of funds was not the real reason, but I will have to refer you to the Commission's counsel for any further explanation," replied Secretary Yoder. So Mr. Kravitz called on Mr. Warren R. Choate, assistant counsel for the Commission, who was at first inclined to treat the matter with supercilious contempt. "Of course, that was only an excuse, you know," he said, "but you had better accept it and get out because there are other methods of getting rid of you. We can easily prove that you were inefficient." "Then how about this?" inquired Mr. Kravitz suavely, producing his civil-service certificate which he had taken the precaution to obtain from Luther H. Waring, personnel officer of the Commission, in which he was rated as "highly satisfactory." Mr. Choate threw up his hands, admitted his defeat, and referred his caller to Huston Thompson, chairman of the Commission.

Having established the fact that the Commission resorted to subterfuge in assigning "lack of funds" as the reason for discharging Chase and Kravitz, let us examine the sequence and logic of other events which lead to the loss for these two men of their jobs. It has been shown that Senator Watson denounced them in a speech delivered in the Senate on October 20, 1919; that he solemnly swore that his information did not come from the packers; that he called for an investigation; that a Senate committee was appointed, which engaged counsel and sleuths, but, that although a year and two months have passed, no public hearings have been held. In other words, the accused men have never been granted a hearing of any sort.

In September of this year William B. Colver wrote to the President asking him not to renominate him as a member of the Federal Trade Commission at the expiration of his term, about the first of October. That letter has never been made public by the White House. Inside the Commission Mr. Colver was looked upon as the backbone of the struggle against the packers and it was largely through his efforts that the Commission took up the cudgels against Watson, answering his charges, defending its agents, and denouncing the Senator as a tool of the packers. Before he wrote to the President Mr. Colver learned from "reliable sources" that his appointment would not be confirmed by the Senate. In the November elections, Watson was reelected. He will have a strong position in the next Congress as a member of the powerful finance committee and a close associate of Penrose, Smoot, and Lodge. The Republican platform, in the drafting of which Watson played an important role, has a clause censuring the Federal Trade Commission for what is termed its attacks upon legitimate business. On November 20 Chairman Thompson of the Commission appeared before the appropriations committee to urge the budgetary needs of his body for the next fiscal year. It lies within the power of Congress to break the Commission, as it did the commerce court, by depriving it of funds, and the possession of that power gives to the leaders of the majority party a potent argument to be used in any bargain they may wish to make. On December 4 Chase and Kravitz were summarily discharged. Commenting on the situation, Stuart Chase wrote the following letter of protest to Chairman Thompson:

> The only interpretation I am able to read into this series of events is that Senator Watson, while he could not brook a public hearing in which his relations to the packers might be established, could brook neither the presence of men in the Federal Trade Commission whom he had branded as undesirable and dangerous characters. If, therefore, the Commission desired consideration at the hands of the new Administration, it must, among other things, first find means of ridding itself of these marked men. Such house-cleaning demanded the elimination of Kravitz and myself, Tator having already resigned to take another position. This pressure, as I see it, put the Commission in a difficult position. If they defied it, their progress in the coming months might be seriously impeded; if they gave in to it they would have to sacrifice two men of some ability whose faithfulness and integrity they had already warmly defended. They chose the second course, as was perhaps inevitable, but they could not impart the reasons to the two men in question because of the insight such a confession would give into the logic of the situation. We were dismissed therefore on the technical ground of "lack of funds" and the Commission has maintained an inscrutable silence.
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> A mind with a philosophic turn can find no grounds for personal blame in all this. Nor grounds for passionate protest. The vested interests have once more proved their ability to command the Government. Servants who have genuinely labored in the public interest cannot be tolerated when that interest conflicts with large corporate progress. In 1904 it was said that the great meat packers were stronger than the United States Government and it would appear that this dictum holds good today. If I entertained certain progressive ideas in the past, can you wonder that this experience has confirmed my belief in the inherent injustice of the present economic order?

The Wanderer

By WITTER BYNNER

Sometimes when people pity me
I tell them with no rancor
That for what it costs me to be free
I might have bought an anchor.

Contributors to This Issue

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The Intellectual Blockade of Germany

By J. ANTON DE HAAS

A SHORT notice in the New York *Times* of November 7 contains the information that the German Government is considering the advisability of closing three of its universities. "It is said this step would be taken for reasons of economy, and that it would be possible to support financially the universities of Cologne, Bonn, Heidelberg, and Karlsruhe." If this notice is true, as undoubtedly it is, we are here given a glimpse of one of the most serious problems of after-war readjustment which Germany faces.

The cause of education, and with it the entire intellectual class, has suffered a severe set-back in practically all the European countries as a result of the enormous increase in the cost of materials, equipment, and the necessities of life, on the one hand, and the inability of the governments to increase their appropriations on the other. The result is the same in every country—underpaid professors, libraries inadequately supplied, laboratories poorly equipped, and, more serious still, a wholesale desertion from the ranks of the disciples of science to those of trade and even skilled labor.

The new Central Republics, more heavily burdened by debt than their neighbors, their currencies even more hopelessly inflated, present this problem in an aggravated form. The intellectual class in all these countries is sorely pressed; in Germany and Austria it is in danger of extinction. The universities and scientific institutes find it impossible to stretch their incomes to cover expenses. The Meteorological Institute in Vienna has an income which at the present time is about sufficient to subscribe to one English scientific journal, while the Physiological Institute in the same city enjoys a yearly income of ten thousand kronen less than the price of a single microscope. While the prices increased the income has remained stationary. Professor Heinrich Rubens, director of the Physikalische Institut of Berlin University, writes in answer to my inquiry: "The income of my institute for apparatus, books, chemicals, utensils, wages, light, heat, and electricity before the war amounted to 24,000 marks. The prices for apparatus and chemicals are now twelve times those of before the war, wages nine times, and heating fifteen times. As yet no provision has been made to increase our income. I have received recently one hundred thousand marks with the admonition not to make any new purchases and to use this money solely to pay outstanding debts. It goes without saying that this condition cannot continue in the future if we are to be scientifically productive."

One of the elements of strength of the old German university lay in the fact that more even than in other European countries the university professor was highly esteemed and adequately paid. Germany's greatness as an intellectual and scientific nation was the result of this willingness to make intellectual work worth while financially and socially. The war and the tremendous premium placed through its crushing demands upon physical labor has changed the relative position of the intellectual worker, while the redistribution of incomes resulting from the currency inflation has contributed its share to push him in the background. Worship of labor and of mere money-making power has displaced respect for intellectual achievement.

When I was in Berlin the truck drivers were on strike. According to an article in *Freiheit* of August 14, 1920, they demanded a basic rate of 330 marks a week for an eight-hour day, and double rates for overtime. They won their strike. The truck-driver in Berlin now makes a little over 17,000 marks a year. The official salary of a full professor at Berlin University in August, 1920, was 4,800 marks, with yearly increases to a maximum of 7,200. The state made an allowance to meet the high cost of living, which brought the salary of most professors up to about 12,000. Of the fees which formerly went to the professors 75 per cent is now paid into the state treasury.

Professor Strauss at the Handelshochschule in Berlin told me: "We have had no milk in our house since the armistice. We have meat once a week. I can buy no books, no instruments. I have had to cancel my subscriptions to scientific journals. I cannot even write any more, for there is no publisher who will publish scientific works unless the author undertakes to finance them." Professor Ernst Bergmann writes in the *Tag*: "Many associate professors sell their last carpet, the last valuable volume of their library, to keep themselves above water for another week."* Julius Springer, of a well-known Berlin publishing house of scientific books, prepared for me figures which show that the cost of printing 2,000 copies of a pamphlet of sixteen pages has increased from 108 marks in 1914 to 1,600 marks in August, 1920.

The cost of the paper alone is from 30 to 40 times that of prewar times. The publisher who finds himself forced to tie up a much larger amount of capital than formerly in new editions will usually refuse to publish at his risk strictly scientific books. Professor von Harnack writes: "I personally have not been able to publish a study, 'Die Vulgata des Hebräerbriefes,' which represents more than half a year's work, because the publisher demanded of me a payment of 3,000 marks before he was willing to publish the book which, on account of its specialized subject, could only be expected to have a very limited sale. Now it is hardly reasonable to expect that a man shall pay out money in addition to doing the work." Oswald Spengler, author of "Der Untergang des Abendlandes," could only succeed in publishing the second volume because a group of Hamburg merchants undertook to finance him. Scientific societies have been forced to abandon the publication of their works. The Prussian Academy of Sciences has entirely discontinued its publications.

Thus as a result of the increased cost of printing, the German book market, formerly so rich in scientific productions, is becoming daily more barren and is rapidly degenerating into an exploitation of best sellers. But the increased cost of printing has another effect. It means, of course, an increased cost of books. The price of strictly scientific books is from four to sixteen times the prewar price. Even the popular editions for which Germany was at one time famous and which sold for a few pfennigs are no longer within the reach of everyone. The Reklam edition is now selling for 2.50 marks. This means that the scien-

* According to the *Nieuwe Rotterdamsche Courant* of October 27, 1920, Dr. Margulies of the Vienna Metereological Institute died at the age of 40 as a result of long-continued undernourishment.

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tific man not only is deprived of the opportunity of publishing the results of his work, but is no longer able to provide himself with the books which contain the results of the work of others.

The libraries, facing the increase in lighting, heating, and labor, are in many cases unable to supply themselves with the few books which appear notwithstanding the great handicaps. The library of the University of Heidelberg, according to Professor A. Kossel, had an income of 72,500 marks in 1914, which amount has not been increased since. In 1919, so he informs me, the operating expenses amounted to 126,500 marks, though the library was open only three days a week during the winter.

More serious still than this intellectual starvation is the practical isolation of Germany from the intellectual life of the world. Difficult as it is to keep the lamp of science burning within Germany under such conditions, even more difficult, well-nigh impossible, is it to keep alive the contact with the scientific world outside of Germany. There is no margin left in the budget of libraries and scientific men. At the same time the prices of foreign books and periodicals have risen as the value of the mark upon the world's markets decreased. The German subscribers of the English *Philosophical Magazine*, who before the war paid forty marks a year, now are compelled to pay 1,000 marks. The rector of Berlin University writes in answer to a letter: "The library is, therefore, forced to abandon the procuring of any foreign books whatsoever, and is not even able to pay the expense of binding the books which it already possesses." The library of the University of Heidelberg cannot purchase any foreign literature whatsoever, while the State Library in Berlin with the greatest parsimony succeeds in subscribing to 140 foreign periodicals as compared with 2,300 in 1914.

The other German libraries merely repeat the story. Forty-five of the larger German state libraries, not including the one at Berlin, had before the war approximately 1,600,000 marks available for their yearly acquisitions, of which about 400,000 marks a year were spent for foreign literature. The income of these institutions has not been increased to any extent, with the result that the increased cost of German books, of binding, and of other necessary outlays leaves practically nothing for the purchase of foreign literature. In order to enable these institutions to supply themselves as formerly, an income of at least three million marks would be necessary for foreign acquisitions alone. This does not provide sufficient funds to supply them with the issues of periodicals which appeared during the war. The library in Berlin alone states that it will take "several millions" to bring its files of periodicals up to date.

While unable to secure the scientific material from the outside world Germany sees much of its accumulated scientific treasure sold to foreign lands. Large numbers of extremely valuable books, many of them the only copies in existence, have found their way from private and small public collections into the libraries and museums of more fortunately situated countries. Entire libraries are being sold, not only after death, but in some cases during the life of their scientific owners, who find themselves forced to make this greatest of all sacrifices in order to provide food and clothing for themselves and family. In the words of Konrad Haenisch: "Thus German science is being sold out like our store of men's clothing and ladies' lingerie."

No material damage can compare in seriousness and ultimate effect with the loss resulting not only to Germany, but to the world at large, from the intellectual starvation and isolation to which the German people are at present exposed. The loss to Germany is irreparable; the body quickly rallies from a lack of nourishment, but the effect of a stunted intellectual life is felt for generations.

Neither is this situation entirely free from danger. While the crying need of the world today is for freer intellectual contact, for a closer study of foreign nations, a better appreciation of the thoughts of others, Germany, more than any other nation in need of such broadening contact, is almost completely isolated. The world can only benefit from a removal of intellectual barriers. The German intellectuals, conscious of their hopeless economic condition, are striving to overcome the barriers of hatred and distrust which the war has set up. The recantation of the signers of the Kultur Manifesto is one of these steps, and the reply to the Oxford University appeal for a reestablishment of friendly intercourse is another expression of this desire. As this reply is reported in the same issue of the New York *Times*, "Science knows only one aim, the search after truth; and it requires for the performance of this task the common labor of all, regardless of national boundaries." But the willingness to forget the past for the sake of science on the part of the non-German world cannot remove the obstacles which the changed economic conditions have raised. The recovery of German intellectual life will be slow, slower than the recovery of the German industrial and trade life. And herein lies the danger.

The old Germany with all its good qualities was led into the way of its own destruction largely because the thinking class either did not consider government and international politics as properly belonging to its sphere of thought and activity or because it was willing to take instruction from above in these matters. From and through the intellectual class the mass of the people took their cue. The revolution has nominally changed the Government and has placed it in the hands of the masses, and the masses will again look for their cue to the intellectuals of old. It is therefore of prime importance how these intellectuals will direct the thought of the masses. Those among them who preserve their independence will be sadly handicapped in gaining an understanding of what the outside world is thinking and doing.

They are in grave danger of misunderstanding world tendencies through incomplete information. And in consequence of the almost prohibitive price of books and pamphlets they will be even more handicapped in placing their knowledge and information before the people. Another danger arises from the fact that many of the intellectuals, in order to maintain themselves and promote their enterprises, will be obliged to seek the aid of those who now control wealth. This support will undoubtedly not be given without an adequate return. Education and science freed from the mailed fist of the Government will find an equally severe master in those who through their economic position can crush science or allow it to flourish. Nowhere in Europe is the contrast between the classes as pronounced as it is in Germany today. The men who have come into the control of wealth in Germany, drunk with the sense of power, have discovered in war an effective method of dispossessing the masses, and they will attend to it that the masses will be fed not the words of wisdom and knowledge, but the words that may again fan the flames of international revenge and hatred.

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Contemporary American Novelists

By CARL VAN DOREN

I. EDITH WHARTON

At the outset of the twentieth century O. Henry, in a mood of reaction from a prevalent snobbism, discovered what he called the Four Million; and during the same years, in a mood not wholly different, Edith Wharton rediscovered what she would never have called the Four Hundred. Or rather she made known to the considerable public which peeps at fashionable New York through the obliging windows of fiction, that that world was not so simple in its magnificence as the inquisitive, but uninstructed, had been led to believe. Behind the splendors reputed to characterize the great, she testified on almost every page of her books, lay certain arcana which if much duller were also much more desirable. Those splendors were merely as noisy brass to the finer metal of the authentic inner circles. These were very small, and they suggested an American aristocracy rather less than they suggested the aborigines of their native continent. Ralph Marvell, in "The Custom of the Country" described Washington Square as the "Reservation," and prophesied that "before long its inhabitants would be exhibited at ethnological shows, pathetically engaged in the exercise of their primitive industries." Mrs. Wharton has exhibited them in the exercise of industries not precisely primitive, and yet aboriginal enough, very largely concerned in turning shapely shoulders to the hosts of Americans anxious and determined to invade their ancient reservations. As the success of the women in keeping new aspirants out of drawing-room and country house has always been greater than the success of the men in keeping them out of Wall Street, the aboriginal aristocracy in Mrs. Wharton's novels transacts its affairs for the most part in drawing-room and country house. There, however, to judge by "The House of Mirth," "The Custom of the Country," and "The Age of Innocence," the life of the inhabitants, so far from being a continuous revel as represented by the popular novelists, is marked by nothing so much as an uncompromising decorum.

Take the case of Lily Bart in "The House of Mirth." She goes to pieces on the rocks of that decorum, though she has every advantage of birth except a fortune, and knows the rules of the game perfectly. But she cannot follow them with the impeccable equilibrium which is needful; she has the Aristotelian hero's fatal defect of a single weakness. In that golden game not to go forward is to fall behind. Lily Bart hesitates, oscillates, and is lost. Having left her appointed course, she finds on trying to return to her former society that it is little less impermeable to her than she has seen rank outsiders find it. Then there is Undine Spragg in "The Custom of the Country," who, marrying and divorcing with the happy insensibility of the animals that mate for a season only, undertakes to force her brilliant, barren beauty into the centers of the elect. Such beauty as hers can purchase much, thanks to the desires of men, and Undine, thanks to her own blindness as regards all delicate disapproval, comes within sight of her goal. But in the end she fails. The custom of *her* country—Apex City and the easy-going West—is not the decorum of New York reinforced by European examples. Newland Archer and Ellen Olenska in "The Age of Innocence" neither lose nor seek an established position within the social mandarinate of Manhattan as constituted in the seventies of the last century. They belong there and there they remain. But at what sacrifices of personal happiness and spontaneous action! They walk through their little drama with the unadventurous stride of puppets; they observe dozens of taboos with a respect allied to terror. It is true that they appear to have been the victims of the provincial "innocence" of their generation, but the newer generation in New York is not entirely acquitted of a certain complicity in the formalism of its past.

From the first Mrs. Wharton's power has lain in the ability to reproduce in fiction the circumstances of a compact community in a way that illustrates the various oppressions which such communities put upon individual vagaries, whether viewed as sin, or ignorance, or folly, or merely as social impossibility. She has, of course, studied other communities than New York: the priest-ridden Italy of the eighteenth century in "The Valley of Decision"; modern France in "Madame de Treymes" and "The Reef"; provincial New England in "The Fruit of the Tree." What characterizes the New York novels characterizes these others as well: a sense of human beings living in such intimate solidarity that no one of them may vary from the customary path without in some fashion breaking the pattern and inviting some sort of disaster. Novels written out of this conception of existence fall ordinarily into partisanship, either on the side of the individual who leaves his herd or on the side of the herd which runs him down or shuts him out for good. Mrs. Wharton has always been singularly unpartisan, as if she recognized it as no duty of hers to do more for the herd or its members than to play over the spectacle of their clashes the long, cold light of her magnificent irony. At the same time, however, her attitude toward New York society, her most frequent theme, has slightly changed. "The House of Mirth," published in 1905, glows with certain of the colors of the grand style. These appear hardly at all in "The Age of Innocence," published in 1920, as if Mrs. Wharton's feeling for ceremony had diminished, as if the grand style no longer found her so susceptible as formerly. Possibly her advance in satire may arise from nothing more significant than her retreat into the past for a subject. Nevertheless, one step forward could make her an invaluable satirist of the current hour.

Among Mrs. Wharton's novels are two—"Ethan Frome" and "Summer"—which unfold the tragedy of circumstances apparently as different as possible from those chronicled in the New York novels. Her fashionable New York and her rural New England, however, have something in common. In the desolate communities which witness the agonies of Ethan Frome and Charity Royall, not only is there a stubborn village decorum but there are also the bitter compulsions of a helpless poverty which binds feet and wings as the most ruthless decorum cannot bind them, and which dulls all the hues of life to an unendurable dinginess. As a member of the class which spends prosperous vacations on the old soil of the Puritans, Mrs. Wharton has surveyed the cramped lives of the native remnant with a pity springing from her knowledge of all the freedom and beauty and pleasure which they miss. She consequently brings into her

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narrative an outlook not to be found in any of the novelists who write of rural New England out of the erudition which comes of a more intimate acquaintanceship. Without filing down her characters into types, she contrives to lift them into universal figures of aspiration or disappointment. And in "Ethan Frome," losing from her clear voice for a moment the note of satire, she reaches her highest point of tragic passion. In the bleak life of Ethan Frome on his bleak hillside there blooms an exquisite love which during a few hours of rapture promises to transform his fate; but poverty clutches him, drives him to attempt suicide with the woman he loves, and then condemns him to one of the most appalling expiations in fiction—to a slavery in comparison with which his former life was almost freedom. Not since Hawthorne has a novelist built on the New England soil a tragedy of such elevation of mood as this. Freed from the bondage of Local Color, that myopic muse, Mrs. Wharton here handles her material not so much like a quarryman finding curious stones and calling out about them as like a sculptor setting his finished work upon a commanding hill.

It has regularly been by her novels that Mrs. Wharton has attracted the most attention, and yet her short stories are of a quite comparable excellence. About fifty of them all together, they show her swift, ironical intelligence flashing its light into numerous corners of human life not large enough to warrant prolonged reports. She can go as far afield as to the ascetic ecstacies and agonies of medieval religion, in The Hermit and the Wild Woman; or as to the horrible revenge of Duke Ercole of Vicenza, in The Duchess at Prayer; or as to the murder and witchcraft of seventeenth century Brittany, in Kerfol. Kerfol, Afterward, and The Lady's Maid's Bell are nearly as good ghost stories as any written in many years. Bunner Sisters, an observant, tender narrative, concerns itself with the declining fortunes of two shopkeepers of Stuyvesant Square in New York's Age of Innocence. For the most part, however, the locality and temper of Mrs. Wharton's briefer stories are not so remote as these from the center of her particular world, wherein subtle and sophisticated people stray in the crucial mazes of art or learning or love. Her artists and scholars are likely to be shown at some moment in which a passionate ideal is in conflict with a lower instinct toward profit or reputation, as when in The Descent of Man an eminent scientist turns his feet ruinously into the wide green descent to "popular" science, or as when in The Verdict a fashionable painter of talent encounters the work of an obscure genius and gives up his own career in the knowledge that at best he can never do but third-rate work. Some such stress of conflict marks almost all Mrs. Wharton's stories of love, which make up the overwhelming majority of her work. Love with her in but few cases runs the smooth course coincident with flawless matrimony. It cuts violently across the boundaries drawn by marriages of convenience, and it suffers tragic changes in the objects of its desire. What opportunity has a free, wilful passion in the tight world Mrs. Wharton prefers to represent? Either its behavior must be furtive and hypocritical or else it must incur social disaster. Here again Mrs. Wharton will not be partisan. If in one story—such as The Long Run—she seems to imply that there is no ignominy like that of failing love when it comes, yet in another—such as Souls Belated—she sets forth the costs and the entanglements that ensue when individuals take love into their own hands and defy society. Not love for itself, but love as the most frequent and most personal of all the passions which bring the community into clashes with its members—this is the subject of Mrs. Wharton's curiosity and study. Her only positive conclusions about it, as reflected in her stories, seem to be that love cuts deepest in the deepest natures, and yet that no one is quite so shallow as to love and recover from it without a scar. Divorce, according to her representations, can never be quite complete; one of her most amusing stories, The Other Two, recounts how the third husband of a woman whose first two husbands are still living, gradually resolves her into her true constituency and finds nothing there but what one husband after another has made of her.

In stories like this Mrs. Wharton occasionally leaves the restraint of her ordinary manner to wear the keener colors of the satirist. Xingu, for instance, with its famous opening sentence—"Mrs. Ballinger is one of the ladies who pursue Culture in bands, as though it were dangerous to meet alone"—has the flash and glitter, and the agreeable artificiality, of polite comedy. Undine Spragg and the many futile women whom Mrs. Wharton enjoys ridiculing more than she gives evidence of enjoying anything else belong nearly as much to the menagerie of the satirist as to the novelist's gallery. It is only in these moments of satire that Mrs. Wharton reveals much about her disposition: her impatience of stupidity and affectation and muddy confusion of mind and purpose; her dislike of dinginess; her toleration of arrogance when it is high-bred. Such qualities do not help her, for all her spare, clean movement, to achieve the march or rush of narrative; such qualities, for all her satiric pungency, do not bring her into sympathy with the sturdy or burly or homely, or with the broader aspects of comedy. Lucidity, detachment, irony—these never desert her (though she wrote with an hysterical pen during the war). So great is her self-possession that she holds criticism at arm's length, somewhat as her chosen circles hold the barbarians. If she had a little less of this pride of dignity she might perhaps avoid her tendency to assign to decorum a larger power than it actually exercises, even in the societies about which she writes. Decorum, after all, is binding chiefly upon those who accept it without question, but not upon passionate or logical rebels, who are always shattering it with some touch of violence or neglect, or upon those who stand too securely to be shaken. For this reason the coils of circumstance and the pitfalls of inevitability with which Mrs. Wharton besets the careers of her characters are in part an illusion deftly employed for the sake of artistic effect. She multiplies them as romancers multiply adventures. The illusion of reality in her work, however, almost never fails her, so alertly is her mind on the lookout to avoid vulgar or shoddy romantic elements. Compared to Henry James, her principal master in fiction, whom she resembles in respect to subjects and attitude, she lacks exuberance and richness of texture, but she has more intelligence than he. Compared to Jane Austen, the novelist among Anglo-Saxon women whom Mrs. Wharton most resembles, particularly as regards satire and decorum, she is the more impassioned of the two. It may seem at first thought a little strange to compare the vivid novels of the author of "The House of Mirth" with the mouse-colored narratives of the author of "Pride and Prejudice," for the twentieth century has added to all fiction many overtones not heard in the eighteenth. But of no other woman writer since Jane Austen can it be said quite so truthfully as of Mrs. Wharton that her natural, instinctive habitat is a true tower of irony.

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How Denmark Is Solving the Housing Problem

By EDNA BRYNER

Copenhagen, December 1

ONE has quite the feeling that Alice must have had in going through the looking-glass as he passes through the heavy bronze doors, with their powerful relief design of workers made by one of Denmark's foremost artists, into the spacious rotunda of the enormous new gray pile of the "Axelborg" office and bank building, steps nimbly into one of the cages that the automatic elevator urbanely offers him on its ceaseless slow journey up one side, down the other, and, alighting at the fifth floor, enters the suite of sunlit generous-roomed offices of The Working People's Cooperative Housing Association of Copenhagen. Here architects are at work on plans made from suggestions brought back from the June housing conference in London, people are constantly coming in to get their Association membership cards, to take out their association share, to start their savings account for their housing share, the telephone is busy with questions in regard to apartments in the buildings under way. One really feels that he must run as fast as he can merely in order to stand still, and when he hears from Mr. J. Christian Jensen, president of the Association, the story of the housing plan that has worked and is still working, the illusion that one is in a looking-glass world is complete.

Mr. Christian "House-Need" he is called because of his constant use of this term in bringing before the people a housing scheme which meets squarely the problems of working people by building dwellings suited to their needs at a price they can pay and managed in a way which serves their best interests rather than the interests of outsiders.

When Mr. Jensen borrowed the money, forty kroner, to send out the first printed matter for his plan, he was laughed at on all sides, banks refused to lend him money, and only one other person believed absolutely in his idea. That was in 1912. Today the Association has five thousand members and grows apace. In other Danish cities similar organizations have been formed. The Association has built fifteen completely running buildings, housing some fifteen hundred families; and it has four buildings under way which will house at least a thousand more families. It owns its brick and cement works. It buys its timber direct from Sweden and has great yards full lying ready for future building. It has land enough to build on for years ahead. Its financing is assured for all time.

All this came about through Mr. Jensen's persistence in his idea that people should build and run their own houses, an idea which originated when he was director of a building organization whose members he called in conference over the paralysis of building during the economic crisis of 1908 in Copenhagen. Three-fourths of the workers in this industry, the largest after the agricultural trades, were unemployed and were drifting into other trades. The yearly "house-need" of three thousand new apartments under normal conditions took on a terrifying aspect as people looked ahead to several years without building.

Mr. Jensen was made chairman of a committee of members from his organization with instructions to approach the banks for loans. The banks refused to lend. After many fruitless attempts to borrow money, Mr. Jensen declared that he would turn the committee itself into a cooperative building association. The members of the committee took fright at this and left him, with the exception of one man, head of the Cooperative Supply Association of Copenhagen, an organization which had been unable to secure quarters in which to run its shops because it was cooperative. Naturally this organization was eager to help establish a building association which would furnish quarters on a cooperative basis.

In March, 1912, a small cooperative organization was formed by representatives of the building trades and the Cooperative Supply Association of Copenhagen, acting as a stock company. Its avowed object was a reform of housing conditions "by carrying over the principle of sharing to the production of houses, so that the stockholders by becoming joint possessors of their dwellings get a share in the profits, which through amortization of loans and in other ways can be carried over to members." The Association sought to bring about a condition in which "rent is always an expression of the amount necessary at any time for interest and part-payment of the expense consumed for the erection of the dwelling; and also for taxes, maintenance, renovation, and administration." The Association sought to procure the cheapest possible houses by the production and direct purchase of building material, by being itself wholly or partly its own contractor, and by purchase of ground when such could be acquired with advantage.

The organization was formed on practically the same lines on which it is being carried on today. Anyone can become a member by paying an entrance fee of two kroner, which entitles him to a membership card the number of which gives him his place on the list in selecting apartments. He becomes a voting member by paying an association share of forty kroner, payable at once or in instalments within two years' time. When this share is fully paid, he receives interest on it at four per cent and is entitled to a vote in the general assembly of the Association. He can then open up a savings account in which to save up the money for his housing share, an amount approximating two years' rent, which is his investment in the property in which he lives and which must be fully paid in before he can get an apartment. He receives four per cent interest on this money while it is still a savings account and also after it is turned over to the Association as a housing share.

The money for the first building was borrowed from a small bank through the friendship of one of its directors with Mr. Jensen. The land was bought from a lawyer who took payment in a mortgage of ten per cent on the building, fully expecting, he later confided to Mr. Jensen, to have the place turned over to him sooner or later. In 1913 the house was built, housing 55 families. The Association could finance only ten per cent of its liabilities, mortgaging out the rest. The bank, seeing the house built and running, loaned for a second and third house. Then the war came. The small bank, threatened by larger ones, refused further aid. Fortunately a new venture was being made. The peasants desired to establish in Copenhagen a bank to handle their big dairy export accounts. They got together with Mr. Jensen and after hearing his plans, asked him to build them a bank. This is the big "Axelborg," where the Association now has its offices free. The fourth house, meanwhile, financed by a state loan and a friend's loan, was going up. The fifth was financed by the new peasants' bank, the Danske Andels Bank.

The Association, now firmly on its feet, started buying

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land, a forty-acre tract. At the same time it began to purchase its means of production. It bought a tile factory in the town of Taastrup, a few miles out of Copenhagen, and with it a farm of eighty acres, on which some day a new village may rise. It bought another tile factory on the island of Bornholm, with twenty-five acres of land. It set up cement works where it produced all the cement products necessary for its buildings at half the price it had been paying outside.

At the same time that the Association was building itself up strongly from within, Mr. Jensen, as a member of the Rigsdag, was working to get state help for building, because he believes that housing, like education, is a social need and that good housing, like good education, is fundamental to good citizenship. He succeeded. In 1917 the Rigsdag passed a law which gave the city the right to remit taxes on new buildings and rents on ground purchased from the city. In 1918 the Rigsdag passed the first law in Danish history by which the state gives direct subsidy to building houses. This law authorized communities to give a direct subsidy of ten per cent to building, and when this was done the state would give a like amount. In 1919 a new law was passed authorizing communities to grant fifteen per cent where the state also gives fifteen per cent. With thirty per cent thus assured, the Association today is able to take care of the rest of its liabilities through its own shares of stock.

While the rest of the world is wrangling over the housing problem, the building of houses goes on quietly and steadily in Copenhagen. The houses vary considerably in plan but all apartments have large, excellently lighted rooms, with conveniences to suit Danish requirements. Rents, in general, amount to somewhat less than eighteen per cent of workers' incomes. As time goes on, rents, instead of going up, come down, which is certainly the last word in successful housing and imaginable to most of us only in a looking-glass world.

In the Driftway

IT was a happy headline, "Too Busy to Fight," that the New York *Times* put over a dispatch from Mexico City telling how the editor of *El Universal* had declined a duel with General Alvarado. The editor, in refusing to accept the challenge, said that in his journalistic capacity he was compelled to attack many interests and could not fight duels every time someone considered that the newspaper had done him an injustice. The protagonists of world peace might do worse than to adopt that phrase, "Too busy to fight." This is an age of slogans; in our helter-skelter rush we let our beliefs be molded by catchwords instead of by processes of thought. In any controversy the side that thinks of the best slogan is likely to win. Mr. Wilson's slogan, "Too proud to fight," was snobbish in sound and obscure in meaning. "Too busy to fight" is plain and practical. It is not as fine, certainly, as "Too intelligent to fight," or "Too civilized to fight," but it is decidedly closer to the temper of the American people. If we wait to be ruled by intelligence, we may wait long. But business is business; it is proverbially our god. What a bully day for the human race, if some future government having declared war, its agents seeking for recruits or for loans were met by the great American office-boy with the brief response: "The boss sez he can't see yuh; he's tuh busy tuh fight."

AS a rule the Drifter does not go to the columns of the London *Morning Post* for his Russian news, but a recent dispatch from that paper's Copenhagen correspondent stirs him deeply. It tells of the heroic career of Russia's most popular clowns, Bim and Bom. These two martyrs to their art are said to appear in the arena at Moscow for one brief moment of side-splitting humor once every six or eight months, to get off a single seditious pleasantry, and then retire under guard to the Extraordinary Commission which sends them back to the Butyrski Prison for another entr'acte. On one recent appearance, says the *Post*, they committed this outrageous example of lèse-majesté: They walk around the arena pretending that they are moving to a new flat. Bim has hanging from his neck portraits of Lenin and of Trotzky. Says Bom, pointing at the portraits, "What are you going to do with them?" Bim answers: "We'll hang this one, and the other we will stand up against the wall." Several Red Guards descend upon Bim and Bom, and they are rescued by the audience just in time to be turned over alive to the Extraordinary Commission. On their next appearance, after another term in jail, they commit counter-revolutionary impertinence with undiminished zeal. Bim comes into the arena bearing a tiny log of wood. Behind him staggers Bom, carrying an enormous sack stuffed with paper. Bim, it soon appears, has just received his winter ration of firewood, and Bom is carrying in the sack the official cards and documents and permits necessary to get it. The chilly Moscow audience roars approval, and Bim and Bom retire again to the security of the Butyrski Prison. So says the *Morning Post*. Having been driven into deepest cynicism by the number of good Russian stories that have turned out untrue the Drifter can accept the tale only with reservations. All governments are notoriously lacking in humor, especially when the joke is on themselves, but the Drifter still hopes to read further that Bim and Bom are living in luxury in the palace of a former favorite of the Czar and have been decorated with the red medal of the Revolutionary Order of the Slap-Stick.

* * * * *

EVEN in the South Seas somebody is always taking the joy out of life. Two United States marines on the island of Guam recently grew tired of contemplating the perpetually blue skies and ever-waving palm trees. They yearned for some of the travel and adventure which, movingly stressed in the recruiting posters, had led them to enlist. Two native girls, with complexions like *café au lait* and eyes like chocolate eclairs, and very modest notions in regard to the character and quantity of a bride's trousseau, had also found a cloying sameness about Guam but not yet about marines. So, after the fashion of the Owl and the Pussycat, all four put to sea in a beautiful pea-green (motor) boat. After many adventures they reached the land where the bong tree grows, noted on the charts, less poetically, as Yap. But there was no wood, no piggy-wig, no ring for them. Distress, a Japanese military commander with spectacles on the end of his nose, and a nauseating insistence in asking who, why, and where! As an upshot the quartet was bundled off to Yokohama where the American consul performed the marriage ceremony (whether as reward or punishment is not stated), and then sent the travelers back to the cloying sameness of Guam—unless a term in jail was a novelty for the two marines. It would seem as if our Government had a good case against the Japanese for obstructing recruiting. THE DRIFTER

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Salem, Condita 1626

By H. C. GAUSS

So you visited Salem?
And you saw the Witch House
And Gallows Hill?
And the House of Seven Gables,
And Hawthorne's birthplace?
But you did not see Salem.
How could you?
It has been shut up in my heart for forty years.
I think I was the last who saw it.

How could you see Salem?
You never lived with maiden aunts
Who remembered better days
And nothing else.
You never went to school
Next a graveyard
To a grim old dame who
Denounced youth and pleasure
With savage Scripture readings.

You never peeped, with splendid awe,
Beneath closed blinds
To see wraiths of women
Nursing life-long grudges or heart pangs
Shut in from the light of day.

You never ran away
To sit for hours with gray men
Who talked of Hong-Kong and Sumatra
Of Singapore and Java
As one talks of the corner grocery
Or the cobbler next street.

You never had idle ships and wharves
And empty granite warehouses
For playgrounds
Nor roamed through great
Three-story houses with infinite rooms,
All full of dust of the departed
Where even the mice were venerable.

All this I did, and
I can see Salem.
I would like to show it to you,
But if I touch it,
It crumbles.

Books

William Ellery Leonard

The Lynching Bee and Other Poems. By William Ellery Leonard. B. W. Huebsch, Inc.

IT is now eight years since Mr. Leonard published his first collection of verse, "The Vaunt of Man." Despite a hundred touches of the directest realism and the sharp and homely sagacity of many lines, the majority of readers saw in those pages a scholar who made large use of the sonnet form, cherished many moods that had been historically esteemed noble and fit for verse, and often delayed expression until experience had been transmuted into the forms of a cultural tradition. Such an estimate did Mr. Leonard but little justice. It was not, however, an unnatural one to make. In the same year as "The Vaunt of Man" appeared "A Dome of Many-Colored Glass"; in 1913 "General William Booth Enters Heaven"; in 1914 "North of Boston"; in 1915 "Spoon River Anthology"; in 1916 "Chicago Poems." The spectacular revolution in American poetry thrust Mr. Leonard off the highway of song. He was too bold for the academic taste; the rebels saw in him a beauty too ordered according to an order of art and thought which they rejected. Hence he was sparingly quoted in the anthologies and, as the eminent voices among an older generation which had praised him ceased gradually to command attention, he was left lonely beside his lakes and hills.

As far as the public knew, his creative impulse halted. He published new versions of Empedocles and Lucretius, a study of Socrates, learned and witty *prolegomena* to a projected rendering of Beowulf. With the world of readers these works helped him little. Nor did they help him greatly with the university which he serves and so obviously adorns. The academicians continued often to regard him with a cold and frugal eye. For they saw in him not only the scholar who had so fruitfully loitered beside Alp and Apennine; they saw in him the poet and prophet, the unquenchable sayer—always against the delusion of the day, always for the truth that should prevail, wrong today but rightly eternally, content, like his forebears on stony New England farmsteads, with little, but never content with less than freedom.

In Mr. Leonard's new volume, 'The Lynching Bee and Other Poems," the scholar in him has withdrawn into the background. There is not a touch here of the Vergilian elegance and tenderness that marked so many of his earlier verses. All traditional harmonies and images have been discarded. These poems are like eagles on sunset crags and their plumage is ruffled by the storm. The verse is homely and often gaunt, written except in rare moments of recollection and conscious synthesis in a stinging American vernacular; there is no adornment and no eloquence; irony, indignation, and vision are stripped bare and speak in their immediate characters. The subjects are the overwhelming ones that exercise everywhere the spirits of free men: The Lynching Bee, A Wartime Movie, The Heretics, The Old Agitator, The Mountain of Skulls. Here *is not* literature; here life itself speaks. Yet there is a profound difference between Mr. Leonard and his contemporaries. He clings to the concrete, but he never lets it master him. He is not content with a series of bright, exact images or of dark, heroic-looking outlines, however sharp and jagged, or with isolated perceptions, however keen and close. He clasps the world so tight that it wounds him, but he does so in order to compel it to give up its meaning. He can chant with the folk like Vachel Lindsay and convey the multiplicity of things as astonishingly as Carl Sandburg. But he neither creates myth nor is content with chaos. Immanent within these poems of his on the issues and in the speech of a perishable day is the vigilant and philosophic mind exercising its prophetic hardihood of thought, the historic imagination, the vision that transcends even while it records. The Lynching Bee is one of the boldest poems in the world. It conquers for literature a new series of details and images. But Mr. Leonard is not awed by his own mode of expression. At the core of the poem glows the sovereignty of thought; the tortured negro and the dead child's mother suddenly become symbols of immemorial rites of blood-sacrifice and vicarious atonement and the transference of pain and guilt. The terrible contemporaneousness of the scene and the arraignment merge into a wider interpretation of the piteous effort of men to free themselves from agony by inflicting it on others. Always in these poems there arises from the harsh chaos of earth an intellectual beauty that vindicates the nobler possibilities of the mind.

We have said that in this volume the scholar in Mr. Leonard has withdrawn into the background. But he is massively visible there. Behind the bitter gaiety of A Wartime Movie, the craggy ruggedness of Tom Mooney, the ache of silent horror in

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The Heretics, there is an intellectual passion free of the transitory, there is a constant and sustained elevation of spirit. Now we have almost learned to confound what the older critics called elevation of mind or spirit with safe opinions and the avoidance of humble and concrete circumstance. We are hag-ridden by the lesser Victorians and forget that both Milton and Shelley were scholars and rebels, too, philosophers and yet of the eternal company of prophets and outcasts. In this mood we accept poets who can have no essential elevation of spirit because they never seek to interpret the totality of the things that they have learned to see with so peering and exact a glance. Their gifts are many and admirable. But they do not know enough and have not enough intellectual power. That is why we have only minor poets. But that is also why Mr. Leonard has a strong chance of rising above that rank. None has surpassed him in seeing the visible world and the things that fill it; none has equaled him in thinking about those things largely and nobly and under some aspect of eternity. L. L.

A Renaissance Feast

Thought and Expression in the Sixteenth Century. By Henry Osborn Taylor. The Macmillan Company. 2 vols.

LIKE an experienced and urbane host, Mr. Henry Osborn Taylor invites us to a sumptuous banquet prepared and served in the style of the golden Renaissance. Nor will our anticipations of delight be disappointed with the rich viands, nor with the plate and porcelain in which they are delicately served, nor with the lovely Abbey of Thelème in which we shall be entertained. For the philosopher on the one hand and for the literary voluptuary on the other, there is no field like the sixteenth century: it surpassed all its predecessors in science and in learning; it poured forth treasures of art and letters that are all but matchless. And with loving hand the author here culls the fruit of that antique lore, savors it, and dresses it for our delectation, doing for this generation what Henry Hallam did for our grandfathers. His subject allows him to wander where he will, and he selects only here and there what pleases him. Out of account he leaves whole countries, Spain, Portugal, the Netherlands, Scotland, and Poland, and large realms of human interest, as politics and historiography and education and scholarship. On the other hand, he takes in what extraneous matter he chooses, offering now a sketch of Italian painting and again an account of the English Reformation.

The same eclecticism marking his choice of subjects characterizes his treatment of individuals. By him as by Calvin's Providence men are elected to grace or to reprobation arbitrarily, according to his will and not always, perhaps, according to their merits. If the fare he spreads before us has been compared to a Renaissance banquet, the treatment he accords to the subjects he does not thoroughly like—Petrarch, Villon, Erasmus, Francis Bacon—may be likened to that recommended in a Renaissance recipe for preparing a fat capon for the table: "Tease him with a pin till he fall in shreds and then seethe him in wine." The seething is beautifully done, the wine of the best vintage, but of the poor humanist or poet or thinker little is left but mincemeat. And Mr. Taylor can snub the lesser lights to extinction, as when he speaks of a respectable scholar as "a fool named Bembo," and of a monarch like Richard II as "that footless king."

But when he thoroughly likes his subject Mr. Taylor is superb. Frequent and copious quotation of the originals in several tongues, often so thickly interspersed with the English text as to make a page read like macaronic, adds a higher flavor to the delicious draft, like the wine in claret-cup. So in love is the author, not without reason, with "Calvin's mighty French" that he has nothing but praise for the great theocrat who burned Servetus and ruled Geneva with a rod of iron. Never since Jonathan Edwards declared the doctrine of the damnation of the vast majority of mankind to eternal torment irrespective of their merits to be "a delightful doctrine, exceeding bright, pleasant, and sweet," has any one made such a full and hearty defense of the tenets of pure Calvinism. While Calvin himself called God's eternal decree frightful—*decretum Dei aeternum horribile*—his most recent disciple, more royalist than the king, finds it quite natural and supported by all analogy in human life. So much of the theologian lurks under the hat of our author that he fairly revels in the English Puritan theology, all those controversial and doctrinal books passed over by Jusserand in his literary history of England, as too "horribles à lire."

But the world's supreme poet is the most beloved; it is no small glory to say something fresh and not unworthy about Shakespeare. How well is the man here set forth: his broad tolerance; his love for all life and for all men and women, even the knaves and fools; his cloudless, boundless view of passion and of fate. Rabelais is also loved and his vast tide of mirth and mockery gauged at its true value. Good, also, is the hearty appreciation of Luther's tremendous personality, and of the wizard magic of Leonardo's science. This "Italian brother of Faust," as Michelet called him, this earlier William James who began life as a painter and ended it as a student of outré phenomena, peered and pried into every recess of nature and every secret of the mind, and recorded his observations in tantalizing —albeit exquisite—notes and designs. The chief characteristic of his painting, its psychological quality, has escaped Mr. Taylor, as has the tragic grandeur of Michelangelo, the Florentine who, amid a world of joy, dwelt in wilful sorrow.

The critic who calls Francis Bacon a great amateur will not take it amiss to be himself known as a dilettante. With all his wide and joyous reading of his texts, Mr. Taylor reveals no systematic knowledge of modern scholarship. Here and there he quotes a modern work, but his choice of them is excessively arbitrary, and his lack of criticism often misleads him, as in his treatment of Paracelsus, an arrant charlatan, exalted, on the strength of a recent biography, to an unmerited height. For our author many of the best works on the intellectual side of the Reformation, for example, those of Beard, and Troeltsch, and A. E. Berger, and Imbart de la Tour, are as though they were not. How much he might have broadened and deepened his treatment of science and philosophy had he consulted the two best recent works on the subjects, those of Gerland and of Cassirer! One divines that the largest aspects of history on the one hand, and minute research on the other, irk Mr. Taylor's mind, for his work is neither dense with new knowledge nor glowing with original philosophy. What he gives us is the honey and not the meat of history; a lovely work but neither a profound nor a reliable one.

More care in statement and writing were desirable. If Mr. Taylor frequently errs in the matter of dates, if he omits or misinterprets important words in citations and translations; if he says that Luther never knew an earlier writer for an edition of whose works Luther wrote the preface; if he says that Calvin was the first Reformer to reject Purgatory; if he thinks that Calvin took from Augustine much that he took directly from Luther; if he says that Henry VIII applied to no Imperial universities in the matter of his divorce; if he is ignorant that the Ten Articles were based on a creed drawn up by Melanchthon; if he speaks of Erasmus's beautiful but most unclassical, almost barbarous style as "pure Latinity"; if he seems to confuse the two meanings of the "symbol" and to think that the Nicene Creed was intended to be taken "symbolically"—none of these errors is of great importance, but their cumulative effect is considerable. Moreover, Mr. Taylor has no consistency in spelling names: we find de Meung and de Meun, Sadoleto and Sadoletus, Mirandola and Mirandula, de' Medici and dei Medici, Cardan, Cardano, and Cardanus, Telesio and Telesius, Mansfield for Mansfeld, John Tyndale for William Tyndale, Ratisbonne, and, worst of all, the famous Cartesian axiom masquerading as "cog-

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nito ergo sum." The names of Voigt, Williston Walker, and Janssen are misspelled, the latter in two ways. The reviewer has counted in all eighty-four similar mistakes. But the scholar and man of letters should heed the motto of that great scholar and consummate man of letters Erasmus: "in minimis versor, sed sine quibus nemo evasit maximus; nugas agito, sed quae seria ducunt."

PRESERVED SMITH

Andreyev's Satan

Satan's Diary. By Leonid Andreyev. Authorized translation by Herman Bernstein. Boni and Liveright.

THE occasional minor disappointments suffered by Satan in his wanderings to and fro upon the earth have never hitherto dulled the zest with which he has continued to play the role of tempter and deceiver of mankind. But Andreyev, in the hour of his despair, will not permit even Satan to enjoy life. In the guise of a billionaire Chicago meat king, Satan sojourns among men for several months—not long enough, it must be noted parenthetically, to master the English idiom; for even in Chicago they do not say "it is the tenth day since I am living this life." Then Satan escapes to Hell, tricked and utterly humiliated. His frauds, hypocrisies, snares, and cruelties are all outmoded. Man defeats him easily at his own game. Deceived by a mask of divine purity and a mask of misanthropy, Satan bends his knee in prayer to a prostitute, and is stripped of his fortune by the first man upon whom he stumbles. "Did you come to play, to tempt, to laugh, to invent some sort of new evil game?" asks the inscrutable Mr. Magnus, the ruthlessly logical experimenter in dynamites. "You're too late. You should have come earlier, for the earth is grown now, and no longer needs your talents."

A theme, this, to tempt one of the "masters of free irony and laughter," a Voltaire, an Anatole France. Its development in Andreyev's hands is disappointing. We have too great a respect for the Satan of Job and of Milton to believe that he could have been so easily gulled, and too great a regard for the talents of our fellowmen not to feel that they would have staged a game of more ingenious and varied deceptions, would have given Satan a livelier run for his money, in the year of grace 1914. But the source of disappointment in the handling of the theme lies deeper. Can a writer be at one and the same time the satirist of human greed and folly and the passionate questioner of life's mysteries? In this book, as in most of his other writings, Andreyev shrinks back appalled before the torturing riddle of human destiny. He hurls his vain questions against the blank wall. He stands on the brink of the abyss and flings into it words that fall without a sound, flings laughter, threats, and moans, and "still it remains silent and empty." He seeks Truth, and Truth flees from him. He embraces it with his thoughts, and the embrace envelopes only emptiness. "I imprisoned it," says Satan-Andreyev, "and fastened it to the wall with a heavy chain, but when I came to view it in the morning, I found nothing but a shackled skeleton. The rusty chain dangled loosely from its neck, while the skull was nodding to me in brazen laughter." Thus breaking in discordantly upon the satiric theme are Andreyev's characteristic notes of horror: the horror of a resounding silence that flows in icy waves through the brain; the horror of eyes that gaze into the mysterious Beyond with a dark and empty madness; the horror of infinite loneliness. Satan himself is lonely in Hell. One had always hopefully supposed that whatever else might be true of Hell, it would not be lonely.

There is a certain fascination in watching Satan grow into Andreyev—for, of course, he never grows into the Chicago billionaire. But it is not the fascination proper to the satiric purpose. Satan comes to earth to play, to take part in a puppet-show that appeared to him from the Beyond to be a great and merry game of immortal fragments. And he finds it not a play at all; the scrap heap on which the broken puppets are hurled is terrible, and the broken fragments reek with blood. The Andreyev who was tortured by the monstrous paradox of divine goodness and hideous evil in man—Christ and Judas—speaks through the passage in which Satan resolves to accept without reservation all that is implied in being a man: to be both rabbit and wolf, the timid, lying coward and the bloodthirsty beast of prey. But what a crucifixion of the soul of man in this union! "It is well for a wolf to be a wolf. It is well for a rabbit to be a rabbit. But you, man, contain both God and Satan, and how terrible is the imprisonment of both in that narrow and dark cell of yours! Can God be a wolf, tearing throats and drinking blood? Can Satan be a rabbit, hiding his ears behind his humped back? . . . That fills life with eternal confusion and pain, and the sorrow of the soul becomes boundless."

The book is as desolate as Andreyev's own death, in penniless and broken-hearted exile; a death that dramatizes the tragedy of the Russian intellectuals, who dreamed of the revolution and worked for it in blood and tears, and when it came fled from it in dismay. Not once in this last book does Andreyev stand on the "highest mountain of meditation" and catch the vision that he granted to one of the Seven who were hanged. For Werner the walls fell at last. From the lofty mountain ridge on which he seemed to be walking, narrow like a knife blade, he saw on one side Life and on the other Death, "like two sparkling, deep, beautiful seas, blending in one boundless broad surface at the horizon. . . . And life appeared to him in a new light. . . . Soaring over time, he saw clearly how young mankind was; that but yesterday it had been howling like a beast in the forests; and that which had seemed to him terrible in human beings, unpardonable and repulsive, suddenly became very dear to him—like the inability of a child to walk as grown people do, like a child's unconnected lisping—flashing with sparks of genius." Had Andreyev himself been able to share that vision, with its rare and beautiful sanity, he might, like Gorki, have faced the crimes and miseries of the Revolution without utter despair.

DOROTHY BREWSTER

Books in Brief

KATHARINE ANTHONY'S "Margaret Fuller: A Psychological Biography" has all the essentials of a modern portrait. Painted in the clear, hard colors of realism, it is at the same time heedful of environment and atmosphere. From the outset the story plunges into the still unsounded depths of Freudian analysis. A difficult task has been painstakingly accomplished; the two opening chapters lay a firm foundation for our understanding of the mental precocity of Margaret's girlhood, of the woman's woman of her twenties, and of the long delayed love affairs of her later life. One thing is lacking to make the years in and around Boston and the subsequent ones in New York stand out in their true perspective. A few more words about human beings shocked at any woman's attempting to be a journalist and to have a profession would throw Margaret's own attitude into higher relief and bring home more clearly to the modern reader the immensity of the struggle which she had to face. Her career, unlike that of Susan B. Anthony, or Anna Howard Shaw, or Alice Paul, is disassociated from any movement except in the broadest sense of the word. And it is probably that very reason which makes her career so fascinating. One is sometimes uncomfortably conscious of compression. The prim Boston parlors where the "Conversations" were held; Horace Greeley's "charmingly sequestered" farm at the foot of what is now Forty-ninth Street where the windows overlooked "a scene of wide waters and moving sails," and where there were "eight acres of wooded grounds, a dell with falling water, paths that wound through myrtle and white cherry, and waves murmuring in the moonlight at the base of the rocks"; then the "contacts" with the great people of London and the meeting with George Sand

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in Paris; Italy in the days of Mazzini's revolution, crowded days of conspiracy, civil war, love, and the birth of a child among the beautiful mountains of Rieti; and finally the dramatic last chapter of shipwreck and death within sight of shore —all these open up fascinating vistas which are all too quickly hurried by. And yet each is a vivid, clear-cut memory. Taken as a whole the book opens up wide intellectual and imaginative horizons.

THE great blot on our civilization is not war nor poverty nor disease nor sin nor even capitalism, but science. In the Hon. Stephen Coleridge's "Idolatry of Science" (Lane) you may read how that despicable fraud has darkened the earth and tried to snatch away heaven. Why should we take our beliefs from professors when that title "except when assumed by conjurors, jugglers, and tumblers, stamps a man as narrow, prejudiced, inaccurate, ignorant, and dangerous," and "a man either ignorant of, or indifferent to, the laws of evidence," so lost to all proper feeling that he would "peep and botanize upon his mother's grave"? This "great usurpation," at once the "enemy" and the "cock-a-doodle" of mankind, the supreme expression of ignorance and absurdity, has created all the ugliness of the modern world, has destroyed its religion and ideals, has aggravated disease and multiplied the horrors of war, and has completely destroyed our powers of appreciating art and poetry. Nothing so abject and deplorable in our times has ever been witnessed as the abdication of the church before the Royal Society, and the haste with which bishops and other clergy now tumble over one another to endorse the degrading doctrine of "the gorilla origin of mankind," by which, as by other things, the professors are waging a guerrilla warfare against God. And, practically, what have all the inventions done save to create "in the soul-sterilizing circumstances of the factory . . . an insensate din of damned machinery" in which "men and women become mere living cogs in wagging mechanisms" in order to manufacture "by the million in dreary facsimile some horrid jiggumbob that the world had better be without"? Science has corrupted poetry to the point of making it depict "the filthy back street of a slum and the gross and bestial passions of the yahoos of the public-house," and has infected painting so that now "we stand awe-struck before pictures of nude men and women with legs like German sausages and bodies like undulating gas-bags." Voltaire, on reading Rousseau's praise of savage life in the forest, said that it made him want to get down on all fours at once. Mr. Coleridge's effusions make us agree with him to the extent of wishing that science had never invented the art of printing or even the alphabet.

SONG is equally far from being at its best when the music is incidental to the words, as was the case in the old ballads, and when the words are incidental to the music, as is likely to be the modern case. A happier marriage has never been made between the two than was made during the later Elizabethan days, when composers, as Milton said of Henry Lawes, knew "how to span words with just note and accent, not to scan with Mida's ears," and were profoundly respectful of poetry. Several selections either from the lyrics or from the scores of the Elizabethan song books have been published from time to time, but Mr. E. H. Fellowes is the first to venture upon a complete edition of the lyrics. His "English Madrigal Verse 1588-1632" (Oxford), reproducing the contents of seventy-five old volumes, is a learned and careful work which only a scholar both in literature and in music could have brought to a conclusion. Mr. Fellowes, who is an editor of Elizabethan madrigal music, and a noted one, and who believes that "the fine imagination of the greatest of the English madrigal composers may be said without exaggeration to have been equal to that of the poets," has known how to reduce the texts of the lyrics, sometimes chaotic in the song books, to their original form. He reprints the books entire, without fear of repetition, under two classifications: those of the madrigalists, wherein the music was intended for several voices, and those of the lutanists, containing solo songs. It is worthy of note that he spells the name of the best poet-composer of all Thomas Campian, on the authority of numerous title pages.

A UNIQUE and remarkable town-history is Miss Annie H. Thwing's "Crooked and Narrow Streets of the Town of Boston, 1630-1822 (Marshall Jones). Beginning with the lanes and cow paths of earliest times, she sketches the history of each street, giving the names of owners and dwellers from the settlement to Boston's organization as a city. Its accuracy is vouched for by the fact that it is the outcome of a life-work, whose results are treasured by the Massachusetts Historical Society, consisting of 125,000 cards giving brief details of the lives of the principal inhabitants of the town, and 22 volumes of extracts from deeds tracing every estate from 1630 to 1800. There are numerous agreeable lighter touches. A lady of over two centuries ago is characterized in an obituary notice as "a desirable mother-in-law." When Washington was in Boston, he passed on horseback a range of boys each with a quill pen in his hand, with which, as they bowed, they "stroked the President's boot." The work as a whole might well be imitated in New York and the other American cities. There are pictures and maps illustrating the text and a remarkably full index.

THE CENTENNIAL HISTORY OF ILLINOIS (Illinois Centennial Commission), of which the scheme was discussed and the two earliest volumes were reviewed in *The Nation* of March 13, 1920, has now been completed by the publication of three further volumes, and more than ever proves to deserve the praise of being the best of our State histories. Vol. I, "The Illinois Country: 1673-1818," is by Clarence Walworth Alvord, the editor-in-chief; Vol. IV, "The Industrial State: 1870-1893," by Ernest Ludlow Bogart and Charles Manfred Thompson; Vol. V, "The Modern Commonwealth: 1893-1918," by Ernest Ludlow Bogart and John Mabry Mathews. The first brings the acutest learning to bear upon a romantic story here retold with energy and feeling. In the last is presented such an analysis and description of a modern American State as can hardly anywhere else be found. Vol. IV to many readers will seem the most interesting of the entire series, dealing as it does with that crucial epoch during which Illinois advanced, as other Middle Western States were doing, from the frontier conditions still prevailing at the time of the Civil War to the more modern conditions signalized by the Haymarket riot and the Columbian Exposition.

THE altogether charming series of The Percy Reprints (Houghton Mifflin), edited by H. F. B. Brett-Smith, has as its first number Thomas Nashe's "Unfortunate Traveller," that raciest of Elizabethan picaresque novels, here edited from the original editions with a scrupulous care which has, however, allowed the editor to make a slip in the very first paragraph of his Bibliographical Note, where he assigns the book to a date ten years too early. The second number of the series is a new edition of "Gammer Gurton's Needle," with the spelling and punctuation of 1575 reproduced as nearly as possible, and with an appendix containing Dyce's version of what is after all the best drinking song in the language, "Backe and syde go bare, go bare."

NATURALISTS no longer able to obtain the "Argentine Ornithology," published by W. H. Hudson and Philip Lutley Sclater over thirty years ago, and now rare, will be delighted with the "Birds of La Plata" (Dutton), which contains in two handsome volumes the descriptions of bird habits, contributed to the earlier book by Mr. Hudson. The new work is admirably illustrated in color by H. Gronvold. Mr. Hudson has been happy in the illustrators of his ornithological books, and never more so than in "Adventures Among Birds" (Dutton), which reproduces woodcuts from Bewick's "History of British Birds" with all the soft and piquant charm of the originals intact, and which adds a text by comparison with which Bewick seems hardly more than quaint and queer.

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Drama

The Silver Lining

CONTEMPORARY reviewers of the drama may be divided into three classes: those who debate whether Pinero or Barrie is the greater playwright; those who are troubled over the relative eminence of Barrie and Shaw; those to whom both controversies are barren of content, as hardly related to serious dramatic criticism at all. What relation, let us see, has Barrie to serious drama?

It will be useful to examine the fable of "Mary Rose" (Empire Theater). The Morelands take their little daughter, Mary Rose, on a trip to the outer Hebrides. Left for an hour on a tiny island that has an eerie reputation among the Scotch country-folk, Mary Rose disappears. At the end of thirty days she is found sketching in the very spot whence she had vanished. There is no gap in her consciousness; she thinks she was left a moment before. At times thereafter her mind seems to reach out after a lost memory; but since her parents have told her nothing, her development is normal. At nineteen she is betrothed to a young midshipman to whom the Morelands feel it their duty to communicate the strange adventure of Mary Rose's childhood. Her marriage with Simon Blake is very happy, and when her little son is four years old she persuades her husband to take her on a fishing trip to the Hebridean islands, of which her memories are quite unclouded. On the same fatal islet of her first adventure she disappears again. This time the years drag on. Her wild young son runs away to sea at the age of twelve. Her husband becomes a distinguished naval officer, but does not marry again. When twenty-five years have passed and Simon Blake is visiting the Morelands, a Scotch clergyman who was once the Blakes's guide comes in and announces that Mary Rose has reappeared just as she did on that earlier occasion. She enters, young and fresh as on the far day of her doom, and finds her parents old and weary and her husband strange and gray. She asks for her little son and asks for him in vain. At this point the action of the play itself ends. The epilogue permits us darkly to infer that she died of the shock of an estranged world and her child's absence. For in that epilogue the son, now a grizzled Australian veteran of the world war, holds converse in the deserted Moreland house with her unquiet ghost, which vaguely intimates that on the island magical music lured her to an abode of blessed spirits to which she is now fain to return.

It is clear that Barrie did not mean this fable to be accepted literally, and equally clear that he was not merely dramatizing a bit of folk-lore. We must look for the idea about which the action crystallized. We find it, if anywhere, at the opening of the third act, immediately prior to the last appearance of Mary Rose. The Morelands, except for tremulous hands and white hair, are exactly as they were a quarter of a century ago. They question each other and find that the great and strange tragedy of their lives has left them essentially untouched. After a little, happiness had come "breaking through." Their daughter's unheard-of fate, the loss of their grandson—these things are now as though they had hardly been at all. Time heals. That is not a very notable idea, but in a literal sense it is true enough. Ideas, however, have their own spiritual qualities, and the fact that time undoubtedly heals may be regarded in different ways. There is Shelley's way of regarding it:

> Alas! that all we love of him should be,
> But for our grief, as if it had not been,
> And grief itself be mortal!

There is the bitterest sting, the long, immedicable woe. Forgetfulness is the last affront we offer the sacred, unresisting dead. Barrie does not think so. His famous whimsical kindliness comes in. Moreland declares that he has spent his life pleasantly with pleasant little things; he is not equal to tragedy; he doesn't know what to do with it. The return of Mary Rose makes him horribly uncomfortable. He wants to get back to his collection of prints. And Barrie sheds the tough, pink glow of his optimism on this lost soul. He would undoubtedly avert his virtuous face from all human errors due to passion, to excess, to the generous vitality of nature. His plays are commended for their purity. He surrounds with his gentlest pathos and all the beauty he can command a triviality of soul that is as shameful as one hopes it rare. Spiritual triviality—we come very close to Barrie with that phrase. He makes harsh things sweetish and grave things frivolous and noble things to seem of small account. No wonder he is popular among all the shedders of easy, comfortable tears. He dramatizes the cloud in order to display its silver lining.

"Mary Rose" is as incoherent in its imaginative structure as it is false and feeble in idea. If the mysterious world to which the island gives access is an abode of the dead, why is the living Mary Rose permitted twice to enter? If it is not, why does the same music summon the wandering ghost that once lured the living girl? Why does she leave the blessed islands of the dead to haunt the decaying house? Do those islands give neither forgetfulness nor knowledge? Why does a distinguished naval officer permit his twelve-year-old son gradually to disappear in Australia? Would not a cablegram have caused the child to be recovered and sent home? Must he be lost only to give the ghost of Mary Rose an excuse for haunting the house? Was there some special purpose in making him so rough a customer that he converses with his dead mother in gutter slang? Did that circumstance add an extra luster to the silver lining? Vain questions. Barrie's imagination is as uncontrolled as his ideas are feeble and conventional. Yet this is the dramatist whose position in permanent literature is seriously debated. This purveyor of sentimental comedy to the unthinking crowd deceives the semi-judicious by moments of literary charm and deftness and mellow grace that recall the years when he wrote "Sentimental Tommie" and "Margaret Ogilvie." But those years are gone. His noisy stage successes have left him increasingly bare of scruple, of seriousness, of artistic and intellectual coherence. They have left him "whimsical" and false and defeated in the midst of wealth and fame.

LUDWIG LEWISOHN

The Greatest DEBATE in a Decade!
SCOTT NEARING
versus
Prof. E. R. A. SELIGMAN
of Columbia University
OSWALD GARRISON VILLARD, Chairman
SUBJECT:
Resolved: "That Capitalism has more to offer the workers of the United States than has Socialism."
SUNDAY AFTERNOON, January 23, 1921, 2 P. M.
LEXINGTON THEATRE, Lexington Ave. & 51st St.
Tickets 50c to $2.50 plus 10% war tax.
Box of 8, $20.00; Box of 4, $10.00
On Sale at Box Office or
THE FINE ARTS GUILD, 27 W. 8th St., Phone Stuyvesant 717

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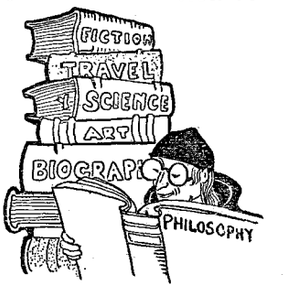

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International Relations Section

The British Budget

THE Government manifesto printed below, signed by the British Chancellor of the Exchequer, appeared in the London *Daily Herald* for December 13.

Why your Member of Parliament was right in voting against Mr. Lambert's motion to limit next year's expenditure to £808 millions:

The principal items of expenditure are:	£
Interest on debt	345 millions.
Redemption of war debts necessary to keep faith with the holders	110 "
Pensions to disabled soldiers, widows, and children, and old-age pensions	149 "
Ex-soldiers' land settlement and training schemes	35 "
Payments in relief of your rates, viz.:	
(a) Education of your children	56 "
(b) Health and unemployment insurance	17 "
(c) Grants to local authorities and police in relief of your rates	23 "
(d) Grants to provide houses	11 "
(e) Improvement of roads (in part work for unemployed)	7 "
Revenue departments, including cost of post office	60 "
	£813 millions.

Nothing is included in the above estimate for the fighting forces.

This year the navy, the army, and air force will cost over £270 millions.

Next year large reductions will be made, but something substantial must be added to the above £813 millions for the protection of the Empire.

Expenditure cannot be reduced to the limit of £808 millions unless the state repudiates its obligations to its pensioners or to its creditors, or risks the safety of the nation.

10th December, 1920 AUSTEN CHAMBERLAIN

Martial Law in Ireland

THE following proclamation, printed in the *Manchester Guardian* for December 14, is now to be posted in those parts of Ireland declared to be under martial law.

Martial law has been declared in the counties of Cork, Tipperary, Kerry, and Limerick.

Irishmen, understand this. Great Britain has no quarrel with Irishmen. Her sole quarrel is with crime, outrage, and disorder. Her sole object in declaring martial law is to restore peace to a distracted and unhappy country. Her sole enemies are those who have countenanced, inspired, and participated in rebellion, murder, and outrage. It is to put an end once and for all to this campaign of outrage that martial law has been declared.

The authorities named in the schedule hereto annexed are hereby appointed military governors for the administration of martial law in the above counties, and all persons will render obedience to their orders in all matters whatever.

Note this:

(a) All arms, ammunition, and explosives in possession of any person not a member of His Majesty's naval, military, air, or police forces, or who is not in possession of a permit, will be surrendered by the 27th of December, 1920, to such persons and at such places as are named in the second schedule hereto annexed.

(b) After the 27th of December, 1920, any unauthorized person found in possession of arms, ammunition, or explosives will be liable on conviction by the military court to suffer death.

(c) Any unauthorized person wearing the uniform or equipment of His Majesty's naval, military, air, or police forces, or wearing similar clothing likely to deceive, will be liable on conviction to suffer death. And any person in unauthorized possession of such uniform, clothing, or equipment will be liable on conviction by a military court to suffer penal servitude.

(d) Note well: that a state of armed insurrection exists; that any person taking part therein or harboring any person who has taken part therein, or procuring, inviting, aiding, or abetting any person to take part therein is guilty of levying war against His Majesty the King, and is liable on conviction by a military court to suffer death.

(e) All law courts, corporations, councils, and boards are hereby directed to continue to carry out their functions until otherwise ordered.

(f) The forces of the Crown in Ireland are hereby declared to be on active service.

Signed this 12th day of December, 1920.

C. F. N. MACREADY, General Commanding-in-Chief the Forces in Ireland.

FIRST SCHEDULE: The generals or other officers commanding the 6 Division, the 16, 17, 18, and Kerry Infantry Brigades.

SECOND SCHEDULE: To the military or police officer at any military or police barracks, or to a priest or other minister of religion, who will at once arrange for their delivery to the nearest military or police barracks.

Feisal and the French

GENERAL GOURAUD'S ultimatum to Emir Feisal, King of Syria, which resulted in the latter's deposition and exile in July, 1920, was published in full in *L'Europe Nouvelle* (Paris) for December 12. Emir Feisal, son of the King of the Hejaz, commanded the right wing of General Allenby's army which advanced through Palestine and Syria prior to the Turkish armistice in 1918. Arab troops under his command continued to occupy most of Syria, in cooperation with the British, during the Peace Conference period, when Feisal was in Paris. Early in 1920 an agreement between France, Great Britain, and the Arabs effected a provisional division of the area captured from the Turks by General Allenby's troops into three zones, the southernmost to be occupied and administered by the British, the western by the French, and the eastern, including Homs, Aleppo, and Damascus, by the Arabs under Feisal. A congress of Syrian notables held at Damascus in March proclaimed Feisal King of Syria. At the San Remo Conference in April the mandate for Syria was given to France, but the terms of this mandate have not yet been disclosed. Subsequent disagreements between Feisal and the French appear in General Gouraud's ultimatum. Feisal was reported to have given a qualified and unsatisfactory acceptance of the ultimatum, as a result of which Damascus was occupied by General Gouraud, who commanded 60,000 French and French African troops in Syria and Cilicia, equipped with field cannon, airplanes, and tanks. Feisal was exiled and an indemnity of ten million francs imposed on Syria. A new Government, satisfactory to France, was, in the words of the French communique, "spontaneously constituted in the presence of General Goybet," General Gouraud's representative at Damascus. Since then, according to Feisal, who is now in London, thirty-seven Syrian leaders have been tried en bloc, in their absence, by the French authorities, and sentenced to death. The French budget calls for an ex-

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penditure of 1,200,000,000 francs on military operations in Syria and Cilicia in the coming year.

The text of the ultimatum follows:

In the name of the French Government, I have the honor to make a final statement to Your Royal Highness of the situation in which that Government is placed by the attitude assumed by the Damascus Government since the beginning of the year.

Whereas calm reigned in Syria during the English occupation, disorders began as soon as our troops relieved the British, and since then they have only increased. These disorders have been more injurious to Syrian prosperity and to its political, administrative, and economic organization than to our troops and to the French occupation of the West Zone. The Damascus Government is responsible for them to the Syrian people to whom France was, by the mandate of the Peace Conference, to bring independence and order, tolerance and prosperity.

France expressed to Your Royal Highness her desire for friendship and collaboration when she affirmed the right of the Arab-speaking peoples living in Syrian territory, of whatever religion, to govern themselves as independent nations. Your Royal Highness in reply stated that the Syrian people, as a result of the disorganization consequent upon Turkish oppression and of the damage suffered during the war, would need the counsel and support of a great Power to aid them in realizing their unity and organizing the administration of the nation, this counsel and support to be recorded with the League of Nations when it is practically realized.

In the name of the Syrian people, Your Royal Highness appealed to France to fulfil that mission. When, in January, while you were negotiating with the French Government, bands from Damascus invaded the West Zone, M. Clemenceau telegraphed to me as follows:

"Upon hearing of the Beduin attacks in southern and northern Syria, I told Emir Feisal that I was establishing a temporary agreement with him upon certain principles, and that I would keep my word, but that I expected an equal loyalty from him, and that his partisans should respect his authority; if these two conditions were not fully complied with, the French Government would resume complete freedom of action, and would impose order and the respect of the rights granted it by the Conference, by force."

The following summary shows clearly that the Damascus Government has steadily followed a hostile policy definitely opposed to the policy of collaboration referred to by the President of the Council (Clemenceau) and which you agreed to follow.

I. Hostilities Against Our Forces of Occupation

The obstinate refusal to let the French authorities dispose freely of the Rayak-Aleppo railroad is an act of marked hostility on the part of the Damascus Government. That Government is not unaware that this line is indispensable to the life and provisioning of one of the French divisions of the north. This division is fighting hostile forces coming from Turkey, from whose oppression the victorious Allies rescued Syria; it is fighting to defend the frontiers of the new Syrian state which ought to be attached to us as much by self-interest as by gratitude.

The organization and employment of bands against our troops of occupation has been made a principle by the Damascus Government. The commandant of the Third Aleppo division solemnly proclaimed this doctrine on April 13 in the following terms: "Since we cannot formally declare war on the French, let us flood the country with bands which will destroy them little by little. They will be commanded by our officers, and if any of these are killed, the families of such martyrs will be cared for at the expense of the state."

It will be enough to enumerate the following proofs of the strict application of such a system. On December 3, 1919, our post at Tel Kalaa was attacked at the instigation of agents of the Cherif of Homs. At the end of December, 1919, Beduins attached to Mahmoud Faour, who Your Royal Highness told me was your personal friend, massacred the Christians of Merdj-Ayoun. At the same place our troops were attacked, on January 4, by bands flying the Cherif's flag. On January 5, 1920, at Kirik Khan, those who attacked our troops recognized the complicity of the Cherif's regulars. On January 25, Captain Fouad Selim, with a detachment including regulars, attacked our post at the bridge of Litani. After Harim and Antioch were attacked by Arab bands, Babana suffered, from April 16 to 22, an uninterrupted attack led by the Cherif's officer Hassan Bey. In June it was discovered that among the troops operating at Merdj-Ayoun were one colonel, one captain, six lieutenants, and 317 men of the Cherif's army, and four heavy and two light machine guns and fifty cases of ammunition from the same source. The complicity of agitators in the Zone was again obvious in June, in the disturbances marked by the massacres of Ain Ibel and the rebellion of the Shiite groups. Professional organizers of brigand bands have been treated with honor at Damascus, especially Soubhy Bey Barakat, whose crimes against us are notorious. When these bands are not launched from the East Zone, the disturbances are fomented in the French Zone itself. That is the case with the many attacks upon Christians, especially those of Djisrel Karaon on December 29, in which the two Cherif's officers Ouahed Bey and Tashin Bey were implicated. Constant and effective support was given Sheik Saleh, champion of disorder and hate of the French, at Djebel Ansarieh. These examples might be multiplied. They have been called to the attention of Your Royal Highness as they occurred.

II. Aggressive Policy of the Damascus Government

Your Royal Highness has seen fit to include in his Government men known for their hostility to France. Their influence was such that Your Royal Highness was unable to leave on schedule time in reply to the invitation of the Peace Conference. The present ministry is chosen from this group. Its very program is an insult both to France, whose aid it rejects, and to the Supreme Council, which gave to France the mandate for Syria. The pure and simple rejection of the French mandate on May 18 last is a measure so blind that the consequences of it may be disastrous for Syria.

III. Administrative Measures Directed Against France

To be a friend or a partisan of France in the Cherif's zone means being suspected by the authorities and often means being mistreated. The return of our partisans Fares Gantous and Nesseb Gobril to Rachaya, where they were seized and imprisoned upon their arrival, despite the official guaranty of the Damascus Government, is typical. On January 22 a delegation of Druses from Hauran which had come to greet me was attacked on its return at Ouadi Harim, and some of its members were killed. To be our enemy, on the other hand, is a title of honor, and is sufficient to be protected and to receive asylum. After the affair of Tel Kalah the Dandachles were feted at Damascus. Amin Mahio, who blew up the munitions store at Beirut, was not disturbed at Damascus. Recently Your Royal Highness took steps looking to the return into the West Zone of Kamel Bey Assad, a notorious rebel, exiled as a result of the disturbances in the Shiite country, for which he bore a large share of the responsibility. The number of inhabitants of the East Zone whose hostility to us has won special tribute from the Government, is considerable. The anti-French propaganda in the West Zone has been conducted by the Damascus Government by various but all equally perfidious means to which the French Government, true to its policy of good-will, has long sought to close its eyes. The last and most striking of these acts was the bribing, for 42,000 Egyptian pounds, of the majority of the members of the Administrative Council of Libya. These gentlemen were arrested by our posts on July 10 when on their way to Damascus to sell their country in opposition to the desires long expressed by almost all their fellow citizens.

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The Damascus *Press*, generously supported by the Government, is constantly attacking everything French. It attacks the authorities occupying the West Zone, repudiates all French offers of aid, misinterprets the generous intentions of France, and heaps abuse upon me.

V. Violations of International Law

As Syria remains Turkish, according to international law, until the peace treaty is applied, the army of the Hejaz which occupies Syrian territory provisionally should confine itself to the maintenance of the status quo. But it acts as a sovereign power. Despite the fact that Syria is foreign territory, it decided upon, and has been applying, conscription, since December, 1919. This heavy and useless burden is imposed upon the people, even in special zones such as Bekaa, and upon people having legally valid exemption such as the Lebanese and Moghrebins living in the East Zone. This recruiting, where it has met with resistance, has frequently involved bloodshed.

The so-called Syrian Congress, irregularly formed, has been legislating and even governing for a government and a state the existence of which is not recognized. More than that, it has, without mandate or authority, conferred the title of king upon Your Royal Highness, thus putting itself in a position of rebellion against the Peace Conference.

Finally, the capitulations are not respected, for Emir Mouktar, one of our dependents, a representative of a distinguished family long attached to France, was arrested at Aleppo under scandalous conditions. Nor are diplomatic agreements better respected, for despite the agreement reached with M. Clemenceau last December, according to which neither French nor Arab troops were to occupy Bekaa, a battalion of the Cherif's army has just been advanced to Merdj Andjar.

VI. Injury Thus Done to France and to Syria

The French Government, compelled to devote its attention and its forces to constant repression of disorder, and to pursue laborious and sterile political negotiations with the Damascus Government, has been unable to give to Syria the organization expected of it. France is not responsible for this delay. But the financial and military burden caused by the situation systematically maintained by the Damascus Government falls upon France. These outlays could not fail to affect the Syrian budget both because the unrest lessened the income, and because the expenses were increased. The state of anarchy in which disturbers have placed the country was such that larger forces were required than would have been needed peacefully to replace the British troops.

It has thus become evident that it is impossible longer to trust a Government which has so clearly demonstrated its hostility to France, and which has done such serious wrong to its own country while proving itself incapable of organizing and governing. France is therefore obliged to take measures to guarantee the safety of her troops and of the people of the country for which a mandate was given to her by the Peace Conference.

I have the honor to inform Your Royal Highness that the necessary guaranties are as follows:

1. Absolute Control of the Bayak-Aleppo Railroad. This control will be guaranteed by complete supervision of traffic in the stations of Rayak, Baalbek, Homs, Hama, and Aleppo by French military commissars, aided by an armed detachment intended to assure the policing of the station, and by occupation of the city of Aleppo, an important center of communication which we cannot permit to fall into the hands of Turkish troops.

2. Abolition of Conscription, recruiting to cease and conscripts to be released, the Cherif's army being restored to its condition as of December 1 last.

3. Acceptance of the French Mandate. The mandate will respect the independence of the Syrian people and will remain wholly compatible with the principle of government by Syrian authorities properly invested with powers by the popular will. It will entail, on the part of the mandatory Power, only aid and cooperation, and in no case will it involve annexation or direct administration.

4. Acceptance of Syrian Currency. This will become the national currency in the East Zone, and all prohibitory decrees affecting the Bank of Syria in that zone will be revoked.

5. Punishment of the Guilty—those compromised by acts hostile to France.

These conditions are presented en bloc, and they must be accepted en bloc within four days beginning July 14 at midnight, and ending July 18 at midnight. If before this latter date I am informed by Your Royal Highness that these conditions are accepted, orders must also have been given to the authorities concerned not to interfere with my troops when they undertake to occupy territory as indicated. Official decrees should also have been issued prior to July 18 in accordance with conditions 2, 3, 4, and 5, and these conditions must have been carried into effect by July 31 at midnight.

If, on the other hand, Your Royal Highness does not inform me within the time limit set that the foregoing conditions have been accepted, I have the honor to inform you that the French Government will feel free to act as it sees fit. In that case I cannot say that the French Government will be satisfied with these guaranties.

France will not be responsible for the suffering which may come to the country. She has long evidenced her moderation and does so now. The Damascus Government will bear the entire responsibility for the extreme measures which I contemplate only with regret, but which I am prepared to carry out with firmness and resolution.

[Signed] General Gouraud
French High Commissioner in Syria and Cilicia,
Commander-in-chief of the Army of the Levant.

July 14, 1920

The New State in the Far East

During the last week of October and the first two weeks of November the "Conference of the Far Eastern Governments," in session at Chita, established a Far Eastern Republic extending from Lake Baikal to the Pacific. A Government was formed which is reported to have gained the support of most of the local governments of eastern Siberia, including the government at Vladivostok which had held aloof during the earlier part of the negotiations at Chita, and to have reached an understanding with the Japanese Command. It was decided that the coming constituent assembly should be elected according to a law based on the regulations drawn up in Kerensky's time for the election of the All-Russian Constituent Assembly. At the first sitting of the Executive Committee of the Far Eastern Republic the following declaration was published:

To all the district governments, civil and military institutions, partisan detachments, and to all citizens of the Far East:

We proclaim: (1) Through the goodwill of all the people who were represented in the Chita conference of delegates from the districts of the Far East and in perfect harmony with our declaration of October 29, all the territory from Lake Baikal to the Pacific Ocean is declared to be the Far Eastern Republic. (2) In harmony with the declaration of the conference on October 29 and also by the unanimous decision of the conference on October 30, full governmental power, civil and military, in the Far East will rest with the Executive Committee of the Government of the Far Eastern Republic.

Among the members of the first ministry of the new state is Mr. Shatov, Minister of Communications, who until recently was at the head of the Police Department of Petrograd.

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Contemporary American Novelists

The first of this series of articles by Carl Van Doren appears in the current issue of *The Nation*. Other articles in the series will be published once a month during the coming year. Following is a partial list of the novelists to be discussed:

In February—Booth Tarkington
In March—Theodore Dreiser
In April—Winston Churchill
In May—Joseph Hergesheimer
In June—James Branch Cabell

Other titles in the series will be announced at a later date.

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(*June - December 1920*)

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Two Sections

The Nation

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Section II

Vol. CXII NEW YORK, WEDNESDAY, JANUARY 12, 1921 No. 2897

American Commission on Conditions in Ireland

Third Report:—Hearings in Washington, D. C., December 9 and 10, 1920

Testimony of Miss Mary MacSwiney, P. J. Guilfoil, and D. F. Crowley

INTRODUCTION

THIS third report of the American Commission on Conditions in Ireland concludes the testimony of Miss Mary MacSwiney given in Odd Fellows Hall, in Washington, December 9. Those of the Commission present were: Miss Addams, Senator Walsh, James H. Maurer, L. Hollingsworth Wood, Norman Thomas, Senator Norris and Frederic C. Howe presiding. The testimony of Miss MacSwiney includes not only the story of her brother's arrest, imprisonment and death, but much valuable information upon the whole history of the Irish movement for freedom. On Friday the hearings were continued at the Hotel Lafayette. Mr. J. P. Guilfoil, the next to tell his story, is an American citizen who was visiting in Ireland and a witness of the disorders there. Mr. D. F. Crowley is the first of four former members of the Royal Irish Constabulary to testify before the Commission. These men resigned as a protest against the things they were ordered to do in Ireland.

In her previous testimony Miss MacSwiney gave an account of some of the various national movements in Ireland, of the educational system there, and of the history of her own family. She now takes up one of the chief activities of her brother, the late Lord Mayor of Cork.

The Testimony of Miss Mary MacSwiney

(*Continued*)

THE VOLUNTEER MOVEMENT

THE WITNESS. I now come to the volunteer movement. You know that there was a Home Rule bill introduced in Parliament in 1912, one of many. It was in the hope of stopping all this activity and getting the people to accept definitely Home Rule in the British Empire—which would, of course, leave England's hands in our pockets all the time and only center Irish interests in Dublin instead of London. Sir Edward Carson did not want Home Rule, so in 1913 he started the idea of forcible resistance to Home Rule. He said, "Ulster will fight and Ulster will be right," and "we will not come under a Catholic government. If the English people throw us over, we will enroll ourselves under the greatest Protestant nation in the world, under the German nation." He said he would invite the German emperor over himself if the English forced Home Rule upon them. Meantime he got guns and ammunition from Germany. These statements of Sir Edward's gathered from English and Irish newspapers, have been collected into a book called, "The Grammar of Anarchy." When Sir Edward Carson made those statements, he got something like two million pounds from England for propaganda, and also the promise that the English Tories would fight with them.

Sir Edward Carson started the Volunteers. There was a law in Ireland that you must not have arms in your possession, but it was not enforced. Sir Edward Carson succeeded in getting a large quantity of arms presently.

Then our people in the south began to say publicly—Well, of course, if Sir Edward Carson is getting armed for a march on Cork, we will have to arm also. So they started the Irish Volunteers. England was in a fix. Within one week of our starting the Irish Volunteers, the arms act was enforced and the Government said, No arms in Ireland. Within one week! Sir Edward Carson had been getting arms for several months.

Q. COMMISSIONER WALSH. What date was this? A. Early in 1914, in the spring, before the war.

Q. Had the Home Rule Bill passed Parliament? A. It had passed the House of Commons in 1912, but on account of the House of Lords it had been thrown out until 1914.

Q. COMMISSIONER WALSH. Was it passed after the war? A. After the war, yes; after the Recruiting Act.

Q. But it was known in 1914 that it would be passed—it was known before the war? A. Yes.

Q. So that the preparations of the Ulster Volunteers were made in anticipation for the Act? A. Yes. When, in the spring of 1914, a ship loaded with arms for Sir Edward Carson reached Ireland from Germany, the English Parliament held up their hands in horror. It was a very illegal act, said Mr. Asquith, but he made no motion to punish that act. We were not too proud to follow Sir Edward Carson's example, so in the last week in July, 1914, the Howth gun-running started. The Howth gun-running—now notice the difference. The Ulster gun-running was in support of what England wanted, but when we started gun-running she knew that what we said, we meant, and therefore our gun-running had to be stopped. Well, it was not. Our people got in quite a number of guns that day, in spite of soldiers and all the Royal Irish Constabulary that were available. But several men, women, and children were shot down on the streets of Dublin by the soldiers returning empty-handed from Howth. That was the massacre of Bachelors' Walk, which took place exactly one week before the declaration of war on the continent and two weeks before England declared it. Then came the war.

Q. COMMISSIONER WALSH. These Volunteers meantime had organized all over Ireland? A. All over Ireland. But there was this against them. Mr. Redmond set his face against any volunteers. He wanted to keep to the constitutional movement.

Q. Up to this time, Miss MacSwiney, was there a Sinn Fein movement, or was this simply a movement among the people? A movement among the Irish Volunteers to arm and protect themselves against attacks from the north? A. Well, this was a movement among the young men to arm to defend themselves for Irish rights.

Q. Exactly. But up to this time there was no movement for independence? A. No. Of course, that was the idea back of every movement in Ireland. But it was not precisely stated until the first Volunteer convention, which was held in 1914. They definitely stated their policy for a republic. The policy of the Irish Volunteers was the policy of the Irish Republic, a continuation of the fight for freedom that had been always

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going on. They armed themselves in defense of the rights and liberties of the Irish nation. The women joined *Cumann na m'Ban*, corresponding to your Red Cross.

Q. Now, going back to Redmond's position before the outbreak of the war? A. Before the war Redmond disapproved of the Irish Volunteers. He sent orders that no member of his organization was to join the Irish Volunteers. But they joined in hundreds and thousands all over the country. So that by June, 1914, they were coming in in very large numbers, and Mr. Redmond began to see that he could not possibly forbid the movement. And therefore the next step was to control it. His policy was to weaken the Volunteers because he didn't want any physical force in Ireland. We know that he didn't want it, and that his action was weakening our movement. But after a time it would have been worse to start out against him and say—you will not get a single nominee on our council. When the war came Mr. Redmond started as recruiter-in-chief for England.

Q. In Ireland? A. In Ireland. You remember Sir Edward Grey speaking of the black outlook in Europe on the eve of the war, spoke of Ireland as the one bright spot, because he thought that Ireland would follow Mr. Redmond. But he made a mistake. Ireland was furiously and indignantly insulted at being called the one bright spot. But the people did not know what was going on. The next thing was that stories of German atrocities in Belgium began pouring in and the people became violently anti-German, and because anti-German, pro-British. That is, the unthinking people. Those of us who knew something of history knew that perhaps ninety-five per cent of the stories were lies. War always brings atrocities. There is no doubt that Germany was guilty of atrocities in the recent war. There is equally no doubt that England committed worse atrocities. One of our national journals printed the stories England was telling Ireland about German atrocities, and in a parallel column it put the stories England was telling the world about Irish atrocities in 1798. And we who knew what lies the stories of 1798 were, concluded logically that the other stories were lies, too. But you must remember that the Irish people did not know their own history.

The next point was an absolute division with Mr. Redmond's Volunteers, the National Volunteers, as they were called, and the Irish Volunteers. But very soon the National Volunteers disappeared. The recruits all went into the Irish Volunteers. My brother was one of the first volunteers in Cork.

EASTER WEEK—1916

In 1916 we began our first open battle. I suppose you can start regarding the declaration of war on England as the day we reorganized the Irish Volunteers and said they are out to fight for the rights and liberties of the Irish people. That first battle failed. But Padraic Pearse said, on the night before we were forced to evacuate the general post-office, "We have lost the first battle, but we have saved the soul of Ireland, and now the people can go ahead." From that day on there was no more possibility of the Irish people mistaking their duty. From that day on there was no such thing as recruiting for any army except the Irish Volunteer Army. But because of the insurrection, the Irish people were arrested. About two thousand of them filled English jails.

Q. About how many Irish soldiers took part in the Easter uprising? A. Not more than two thousand. The English brought in regiments and tanks and guns and shelled our capital.

Q. Were they all Irish Volunteers? A. No, there was also the Citizens' Army, the Irish Citizens' Army.

Q. COMMISSIONER THOMAS. It was not a Sinn Fein army? It was a national army? A. It was a national army. The reason the name Sinn Fein stuck to it was that all these people got mixed up in the Irish Industrial Development Association and the Gaelic League, and all got to be called Sinn Feiners because some of them were Sinn Feiners, and because they all joined the Irish Volunteers' movement. Sinn Fein was a tag put on by the people. Sinn Fein was originally a constitutional policy. But now the name has been adopted everywhere, and it is a Republican policy. After Easter Week there were wholesale arrests.

Q. CHAIRMAN HOWE. The story of what has happened in the Easter Rebellion ought to be a continuous story, which we would like you to tell us.

THE WITNESS. The essential point for you to understand is that this insurrection was confined mainly to Dublin. Galway rose also, but most of the fighting was in Dublin. You have often heard that Ireland was divided over this insurrection. I should like to explain about that. We expected help in this insurrection. We expected arms. We had very few arms at that time. We were expecting Roger Casement to come from Germany with arms. I have no hesitation about acknowledging that. We were at war with England, and we were at liberty to get guns where we could to carry on that war. England said she was fighting for the rights of small nations. We had absolutely as much right to our liberty as Belgium had, about whose rights England was so solicitious. If we wanted to take Germany as an ally we had a right to take her as an ally. England had a great deal of talk about us being pro-German. She did turn France against us. Only my brother's death has softened France. She said we weakened her ally at a critical moment. But what right had France to expect that we should not weaken the cause of her ally when her ally was oppressing us?

Q. We were told you took German gold. A. We did not take German gold. We took the pennies and sixpences of our people. But did not we have a right to take it if we had wanted it? Did not France take English gold, and did not England take American gold when she could get it? Surely no one could rightly criticize if we had taken it. But we did not. Surely not England, who was borrowing from America. Any nation has a right to make alliances when she is fighting against an enemy. It is said that we wanted to invite the Germans into Ireland. We did not. The only man who ever tried to invite Germans into Ireland was Sir Edward Carson. If Germany tried to take Ireland we would fight her just as long and just as effectively as we are fighting England.

It was a point made much of by England that the Easter week insurrection was not an insurrection of the Irish nation; but only of a few extremists. They stressed the fact that the fighting took place in Dublin only. We had hoped to get some arms to enable us to carry on the fight, because the arms and ammunition of the country did not amount to much. And those arms failed us. They did not come. An insurrection had been arranged for Easter Monday, 1916. The leaders had counted on getting the arms the last of the week, on a Good Friday, but the ship bringing the arms was sunk by the British. They were perfectly justified from their point of view in sinking that ship, just as we were justified in bringing it in if we could. However, it was sunk. The result was that some of the leaders, notably Mr. MacNeil, thought that the time was not opportune to begin. And though the orders had gone out for the whole country for the insurrection on Easter Monday, the orders were canceled at the last moment by Mr. MacNeil. Many of the leaders did not agree with the canceling of those orders and thought that Mr. MacNeil had exceeded his powers and his rights in sending these cancellation orders, and the Irish Citizens' Army—which was a labor organization not under the control of the Volunteers—threatened to go out in any case. The secret history of those few days has not been fully published, and the documentary evidence in connection with it was largely burned during Easter week. Some of us, even though we were on the inside of Republican affairs, are not exactly certain of all the orders and counter-orders of that week. It ended by only a portion of the Volunteers rising in Dublin. They began on Monday morning, according to the plan. Mr. MacNeil had sent the order all over Ireland on Sunday that the Volunteers were not to rise. An order followed on Monday signed

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by Padraic Pearse and John McDermott that they were to rise. By the time these orders reached the outlying districts it was too late. Cork was not in the Easter rising. That fact was a lasting source of grief to my brother. Many of the people thought they should have gone out, even though they were certain to fail. There were some people, I am not sure how many, who accused them of cowardice or funk at the last moment. That charge was not justified, and I do not think it will be ever made again. But the situation in Cork made it impossible for them to rise. Cork is built in a valley. The British military barracks are on the highest hill in the district. By Tuesday night they had a huge gun planted on every hill around the city. They could have shelled the city in an hour until there was nothing left of it. The Volunteer commanders in Cork knew that. They did not want to order the men out to what was absolutely certain slaughter. They realized that Dublin was only a first battle in the war, and for the time they had to remain inactive. I can speak of personal knowledge of the very, very great reluctance with which they decided that.

The military in Cork were so certain that they would rise that the military commander appealed to the mayor and the bishop to try to get the Volunteers to lay down their arms. If the Volunteers showed no signs of giving the military trouble, the military undertook not to give them any trouble. Our men would not have any negotiations with the British except on equal terms. But they came, by the advice of the bishop and the lord mayor, to an understanding, as they were assured that a rising in Cork was impossible. The understanding was that they would hand over to the bishop and the lord mayor of the city the guns, the arms and ammunition that they had; that these arms and ammunition were to remain under the charge of the bishop and the lord mayor as joint guarantors that the Irish Volunteers would not rise in insurrection, on the one hand; and that the military authorities would not capture the guns and would not arrest the leaders, on the other. That was Monday night and just three-quarters of an hour after midnight, a military party headed by a captain went to the lord mayor and demanded the arms that had been intrusted to him. He said they had been given to him as a trustee, and the military had promised not to ask for them. He was told that he would be in jail in a very short time if he did not give them up. Not being an Irish Republican at the time, he gave them up. At seven o'clock in the morning the arrests began. Practically every Irish Volunteer in the city was arrested, and two women were arrested. My brother had left for the country early on Tuesday morning before he knew of it, and he was out of the city when a party of six policemen with loaded rifles came to our house. But they stood around my sister, and the whole six pointed their loaded rifles at her and demanded to know where her brother was. She said she would not tell them. They threatened and coaxed her, but she gave them no answer. And they finally went away.

In the meantime they went to the school and arrested me. All over the city that day the tension was frightful. Great squads of soldiers and police going all over the city, one officer leading as many as a hundred and fifty soldiers. Naturally the word was taken to the bishop. He got in touch with the military authorities. And finally, although they did not give back the arms, Colonel East sent an order to release all the people who had been arrested in the city about seven-thirty Tuesday evening. So we all got out. They did not take the women back, but they began rearresting the men in twos and threes until they had about two thousand of them arrested and put in jail in England. My brother was arrested in the country and taken. We did not know for a long time where he was and were uneasy because for over a week we did not have a word from him. We knew he had been arrested. Someone had seen him brought into Cork at half-past four in the morning, and they were taking him up to Cork jail. A few days afterward we learned that someone had seen him about five o'clock in the morning removed from Cork jail. We applied to the governor, but got no information where he was. After a question asked in the House of Commons as to why these men were not allowed to see their relatives, Mr. Asquith, the Prime Minister at the time, replied that all the Cork prisoners were allowed to see their friends and had fresh air and food and visitors and all other nice things. It was utterly false. That appeared on Thursday morning, about the thirteenth of May, I think. He had been missing since the third. Some of us whose relatives had been taken away and did not know their whereabouts went to the general post-office and sent a series of telegrams to Mr. Asquith, and sent him each one his own particular story, and told him that our relatives had been taken away and we had been denied all information as to where they were. We also sent copies of these telegrams to William D. O'Brien, because it was he who asked for information from Mr. Asquith, and to Laurence Ginnell, because he was the only one in the House of Commons on whom we could depend to bring out the truth. We sent them in great hurry, because there was to be a debate in the House of Commons that day on the Irish question. Mr. Ginnell told me that those telegrams created a great sensation when read in the House. That was on Thursday. On Saturday morning we all got letters. That was my brother's second imprisonment. They were all in prison most of the time until the general amnesty at Christmas. But the men who were concerned actually in the rising, the men who were in Dublin, were sent most of them to penal servitude, those who were not shot. And they were not released from prison by the amnesty.

The Witness goes on to show that civilians, too, suffered from the effects of Easter week by telling how she was dropped from the school where she was teaching—ostensibly to facilitate changes—really because as the reverend mother admitted, she was "too Irish."

THE WITNESS. It was the shooting of the leaders of the 1916 movement and the arrest of two thousand that woke up the ordinary man, who up to that time had been a home-ruler, perhaps, to realize that it was the same old fight over again in their generation, although they had not realized it up to that time; and that when England began shooting Irishmen, no matter what the Irishman's political opinions were, he must be right. From 1916 on Ireland became more and more consciously Republican in the hearts of the common people. They had, of course, been instinctively so. They became consciously so after that. The first chance they had to give expression to that was in the general election of 1916. In that election Sinn Fein or the Republican movement swept the country. There were very few constituencies in which there was a fight. But where there was a fight in the whole of Ireland, outside of Ulster, there was only one man got in who was a Redmondite, and that man was John Redmond's son, who because of sympathy for his father and because of his hold on the people of Waterford, was returned.

Q. MR. F. P. WALSH. That is exclusive of Ulster? A. Yes.

Q. COMMISSIONER WALSH. Was there a candidate representing the Nationalists in every county in that election? A. No, very few.

Q. But where there was a contest? A. Where there was a contest it was a contest between the Redmonites and the Republicans, and Redmondism was wiped out completely, except in Waterford, where it was not Redmondism that won but a feeling for Redmond's son.

In Ulster the case was rather peculiar. You have at present four men representing the Constitutionalist Home Rule Party in Ulster—five men. Four of them got in in this way. There were eight seats in Ulster of which the majority were Nationalists, using Nationalists in its broad sense—Ireland versus England. But if Sinn Fein, Redmondites, and Unionists went up, the three-cornered division would probably let the Unionists in. On those seats, on the advice of Cardinal Logue, a compromise was suggested, that the Redmondites should have them. Our people wanted a much fairer thing than that, a kind

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of plebiscite of the Nationalist population held on the preceding week, everyone to vote, and the seats to be given to either the Republican or the Redmondite according to the votes cast. If that had been so, we would have had seven or eight seats. Consequently the Redmondites did not agree to it.

Q. COMMISSIONER WOOD. Seven or eight seats in Ulster? A. Oh, yes, this does not deal with the contests with the Unionists, but only with the contest between the Republicans and the Redmondites. They would not agree to this plebiscite, so it was either let them have the seats or give them to the Unionists. I mean the risk would be letting the Unionists slip in. So the people agreed to have them, and that is why you have a few representatives still of Redmond's party.

With regards to the general election of 1918, it was eighty per cent Republican. And it was claimed by the British Government and by our opponents that it did not represent a Sinn Fein election or a Republican election, but an anti-home rule election. It was an anti-Redmond election rather than a pro-Republican election. And they said that ever so many people had got tired of a parliamentary policy and were willing to give Sinn Fein a chance. We knew it was not so, but of course they had a certain amount of plausibility behind their argument; and so it was not until 1919 and 1920 that we were able to counter that, and prove that they were false by the municipal and county elections. It is true that every candidate who went up had to take the Republican oath.

Q. MR. F. P. WALSH. What was that oath? A. "I pledge my allegiance to Dail Eireann and the Parliament of Ireland." I do not know the exact words, but it was pledging allegiance to the Irish Republican parliament and renouncing everything English. But some said, after the Republican victory in 1916: "Even so, the candidates were Republican, but we have people voting for the Republican candidates not because they were Republicans, but because they were anti-parliamentarian. They were sick of parliamentarianism." And so when the municipal and county elections came and were overwhelmingly Republican, even more so than the general elections had been, that argument was killed.

Q. COMMISSIONER ADDAMS. That was the general election of 1920? A. Yes. In spite of the fact that proportional representation laws had been passed by the House of Commons several times for Ireland for the purpose of destroying Republican elections and getting in candidates who would not otherwise have got in. Our people had from 1905 advocated it. And so when it was passed by the House of Commons it was opposed, not by us, because we welcomed it, but by the Carsonites. And the result showed that they had good reason to be afraid of it. For the first time we have Irish members in the Belfast corporation. We have Irish Republican members in county councils that before were wholly Unionist. We have won all over the country. Probably in the south and west there are Unionist members on the councils who might not have been there otherwise; but we have no fear whatever of Unionists getting on, providing they get on fairly and in proper proportion. We do not dread proportional representation, and you have a proof of that by what I have given you and what you get in the daily newspapers. But proportional representation was passed to ruin the Irish Republican elections. The only people who opposed it were Carsonites.

THE FINANCIAL QUESTION

And even then they did not keep their word. When they passed the Union they made a solemn promise that the English and Irish exchequers were to be kept separate. The reason was that Ireland had a national debt of two and one-half million pounds. England had a national debt of over two hundred million pounds. Those seem very small sums in today's computations. After the Act of Union in 1801, Ireland's debt was twenty-one million pounds. How did it get up to that sum? She bribed these men, England did, in the House of Parliament to pass the Union, and then she paid the bribes out of Irish money. And then [illegible]e promised that the exchequers would be separate. In 1817 [illegible] English national d[illegible]ving to the Napoleonic Wars, had gon[illegible] to something like [illegible]undred fifty million pounds. The Iris[illegible]ational debt had go[illegible], I think, to something like twenty-five million. And England suggested that it would be very nice for Ireland if they amalgamated their exchequers. The Irishmen representing Ireland in the English Parliament at that time did not think it would be nice for Ireland to saddle Ireland with that debt. But of course they were outvoted. So the two exchequers were amalgamated. One clause of the Act of Union was that they should not be amalgamated. But they were amalgamated as soon as it suited England. From that time to the present day Ireland has been in the control of England.

Q. COMMISSIONER WALSH. Grattan and his party then opposed the Act of Union? A. Oh, yes, absolutely.

Q. Was it just before the Act of Union that Grattan was carried into the House of Parliament on his sick bed to make his protest? A. Yes, he was carried in, practically a dying man, and made an eloquent protest against it.

Q. What was the vote. Was it close? A. I cannot recall it. It was close. I would like to say another thing about financial matters of that period. Before the war, while the Home Rule bill was being discussed, we were told that Ireland could not possibly govern herself; as it was, she could not pay her own way; that England had to subsidize her to the extent of half a million a year; and what would she do if she were her own mistress and England would not be able to subsidize her. This was one of the economic points brought up against Irish Home Rule. Ireland never got a subsidy of half a million a year from England. She got it one year, and I will tell you how it happened. The old age pension was passed, giving to each old person over seventy several shillings a week.

Q. CHAIRMAN HOWE. This was quite recent? A. Yes, it was quite recent, but I must go back to give you an idea. You can get from reliable statistics an idea of how many old people in the country there ought to be. The result of the pension bill was that that year there was a deficit of a half million, and England used that one year to say that she was subsidizing the Irish exchequer to the extent of half a million pounds a year.

Q. CHAIRMAN HOWE. What year was that? A. That was 1912, I think.

When the Home Rule Bill became an issue of practical politics, they wanted to adjust the relations between the two countries, and consequently there was a commission appointed by the King to inquire into the financial condition of Ireland from 1817—that was the date the exchequers were combined—to 1908. That was about one hundred years. This was known as the Childers Commission, and their statistics can be found in the blue books. They found that during the period when we were supposed to be an impoverished country, we had paid three hundred sixty-nine millions into the English treasury!

MR. F. P. WALSH. You might discuss some of the great benefit that has been given to the people of Ireland by allowing them to purchase their land.

THE LAND LAWS

Q. CHAIRMAN HOWE. When you discuss that, will you not discuss that land levy, please? How much alien landlordism still exists, how the people were allowed to purchase land, and so forth? A. I will do my best, but I cannot be very accurate on percentages. The landlord question was very vital to us, and yet the land acts have been very beneficial to the country. But they were not passed by England to benefit the country. They were passed by the campaign in Ireland of Parnell and the Land League, in the early eighties, I believe. That part of history has not been written yet, at least not very fully. I have never read it, at least. I cannot give you full details, but this, at all events, is the outline of it. When Parnell carried on his Constitutional Movement, he felt that it was very necessary to get the land for the people. The farmers could do nothing, because if there

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was an adve… …er's plans or against Engla… …jectment. They had no securit… …or their la… …ertainly was a wise move for the … …o get the land ten …ed. But England never gave these land acts as an act of justice. When the Fenians blew up Clerkenwell prison, Gladstone took it into his head in 1881 that there was something behind the movement, and he had better do something for those people. I could not give the details of that Act, but I will come to the last Act, the Windham Act, which has been very beneficial.

Q. CHAIRMAN HOWE. What date? A. In 1901, I think. That act has enabled the farmers to buy out their land. They could pay rent for twenty or twenty-five years, and at the end of that time their land was their own.

Q. COMMISSIONER WALSH. They paid so much on the principal as well as the interest? A. Yes. Immediately that Act was passed, the farmers started to improve their land. They did not do it before because they had no security of tenure. Do you know, in that period if a mother put a clean pinafore on her child, she had her rent raised from two to ten pounds a year. And any woman would say, Is it not better for a child to have a dirty pinafore than to have the rent raised? And that is why you hear the Irish described as a lazy, dirty people sometimes.

Q. CHAIRMAN HOWE. Did that apply to the whole country? A. Yes, to Ulster just as much as the rest. That Land Act gave the people the right to purchase their farms. The instant the farmers could purchase, they went on improving and improving and improving. Why? Because they knew they were doing that for their sons and their daughters, and they knew they would not be thrown out of it next week. If a man put a new paling up around his field, he knew that his rent would go up several pounds the next week, and consequently the paling was not put up. If too many improvements were made, the farmer could be ejected and lose them all. But the moment the farmers got their security, they improved their farms. And consequently you have a good many prosperous farms all over Ireland today.

Q. CHAIRMAN HOWE. How many farms have been converted in that way up to today—two-thirds of them? A. I don't know. Perhaps.

COMMISSIONER WALSH. It is not as much as that.

Q. CHAIRMAN HOWE. How prosperous is the agricultural population in Ireland today? A. Of course, the agricultural population benefited by the war, as all agricultural populations did. They got high prices for their crops, as all the rest did. Some of them were unpatriotic enough to sell too much of the country's food, and some of them had to be stopped.

Q. CHAIRMAN HOWE. There have been a number of statements made about economic embargoes on Ireland by the British Government. Can you tell us anything about them? A. I know they have put an embargo on everything they could. They have put an embargo on our best port, the port of Queenstown. Once Queen Victoria visited us, and the sycophantic council of that day (for then it was only that kind they could get into the council), ordered in her honor that the port ever afterwards should be called Queenstown. But we do not recognize it as Queenstown. I would like our friends in America to get into the habit of calling it Cove, the Irish name for it.

There was a question about one million pounds loaned to farmers in Ireland. That one million pounds was very beneficial, but I would like you to understand that the security given by the farmers was quite adequate, and that the people who are paying the money are Irish. It was advanced by England for the time being, but it is Ireland that is paying the debt. But do not let them hypnotize you into believing that that money was given by England, for it was not. England and France borrowed huge sums from America during the war, and they borrowed it without giving you security. But you do not say that you have given them a present of all their war debt. And this loan is very largely paid back already, and paid back out of Irish money.

Q. MR. F. P. WALSH. And it was paid back to absentee landlords and those who have succeeded to their estates, was it not? A. Yes. And there is a very large number of farms where the payments have been completed, and that money has all gone back to England. I believe the great bulk of that money has been already paid back.

Q. CHAIRMAN HOWE. To what extent has alien landlordism prevailed as it did in the Hungry Forties? A. Not much. There are very few big landlords today. They may spend a part of the year in England or abroad, but generally those that are left spend a part of the year in Ireland. The alien landlord of the early nineteenth century has gone.

THE *DE FACTO* REPUBLICAN GOVERNMENT

Q. COMMISSIONER WALSH. Miss MacSwiney, I would like to have you give us for the record just when there was organized in Ireland the *de facto* Republican Government, who organized it, how long the Parliament continued to meet in the open, when it began to meet secretly, and if it is meeting now, how long it will continue? A. I would like to answer the last question first, because it [Parliament] is meeting and will continue to do so.

Q. I would like to get in the record how much of local government there is and how it is functioning, and if it will continue to function. A. The Republican Government was declared in 1916, but for two years it did not function, until the general election of 1918.

Q. In other words, you made your declaration of independence in 1916, but it took you two years to get your government organized so that it could function openly? A. Exactly. There were seven Irish Volunteer leaders in the Dublin General Postoffice on Easter Monday in 1916, who in the name of the Republican Army declared Ireland a free and independent Republic. They were Padraic Pearse, Thomas Clarke, John MacDermott, Connolly, Kent, Plunkett, and MacDonagh, and they were all executed for it afterwards.

Q. CHAIRMAN HOWE. They were executed for that offense—for signing your declaration of independence? A. Yes, that was the chief thing for which they were executed.

Q. COMMISSIONER WALSH. The elections took place in 1918? A. Yes. And immediately after the general elections the Republican Parliament got busy.

Q. Were the members of that Republican Parliament the Republican members who were elected to the British Parliament from the boroughs or constituencies in Ireland? A. Yes.

Q. So that upward of seventy-five men who received a majority as Republican members of the British Parliament at London from Ireland, these men met to form the Irish *de facto* Government? A. Right, quite right.

Q. How many, of all that number, were elected from Irish constituencies to the British Parliament? A. 103.

Q. How many of that number met in Dublin, or wherever they met afterwards to organize the Republican Government of Ireland? A. I think that at the very first meeting of Dail Eireann there were only 37, for all the others were in jail.

Q. How many went to England? A. None of the Republicans went to England. The only Irish who went were the Redmondites and the Carsonites.

Q. It was alleged in America that sixty or seventy or so did not go to the British Parliament, and answered, either *de facto* or in person, the call for an independent Parliament. A. Yes. You see there were seventy-five members elected, but some of them were elected from two or three constituencies. President De Valera was elected from three constituencies.

Q. How many constituencies were represented at the first meeting, either by those present in person or in jail? A. I suppose it would be about sixty-nine men, but the constituencies represented were seventy-five.

Q. So that seventy-five constituencies out of one hundred and three sent representatives to get a Republican organization? A. Yes.

Q. Where did they meet? A. In the Mansion House in Dublin.

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Q. But some of them were not there, because they were in jail? A. Yes. President De Valera was in jail, and my brother was in jail, and a number of others at that time.

Q. What steps did they take? Was this first meeting in the open? A. Yes, oh, yes.

Q. Now give us the history of that organization. It is very important. A. As so many were in prison, the government elected was only provisional. Because you must remember that the cream of the men were in jail, and those who were left felt that they should wait until they got all their comrades together before electing a regular government. So they elected only a provisional government. That was in January, 1919. In March there was a general amnesty. It was in connection with the German plot idea of May, 1918, that they were put into prison. In March they let them all out. And then they had the election of the Irish Government. President De Valera was elected president, and Arthur Griffiths was elected vice-president, and the names of the others I would rather not give for state reasons. Some of them are known and some of them are not known.

Q. But a complete organization was effected? A. A complete organization was effected, and the first resolution to be passed was that Irish would be spoken in the Irish Parliament, although English could not under the circumstances be excluded entirely, and that all the records of the Parliament should be in Irish. English could not be kept out altogether, because some of the older men could not learn to speak Irish. But all the records are in Irish, and all who can speak Irish use it.

Q. How long did they continue to function openly in the eyes of the British officials? A. I think the first attempt to smother them up was on the occasion of the American delegation's visit to Ireland in 1919. Mr. Frank Walsh, you were on that delegation, I think. You see, the Irish Parliament only held a few sessions in the open; and then the word was passed around that there was going to be a meeting of Dail Eireann, and the public was admitted. But the enemy did not get word beforehand. They really held their meetings in public for twelve months, or nearly twelve months at any rate. But they have been able to do almost as much meeting in secret. They immediately compiled statistics as to the conditions of the fisheries and of agriculture, and the condition of the ports, and the improvements that could be made. They have done all the ordinary work of government, and have done it very well and very effectively.

Q. COMMISSIONER WALSH. Up to this time the municipal and county council members had not declared themselves openly and publicly as to whether they were still holding allegiance to the British Government or not? A. That is quite true.

Q. Then the elections came, in 1919 and 1920, when that issue was presented to all candidates for office in Ireland? A. Yes.

Q. Will you kindly state how many elected members to the municipal councils and county councils declared under oath their abandonment of allegiance to the British Government and swore their allegiance to the Irish Republic? A. All the county councils in the south and west of Ireland, in what are called the chief provinces, and I think three or four in Ulster. But all of the south and west.

Q. What per cent would that be? A. That would be twenty-seven out of thirty-two. There are thirty-two counties in Ireland. There are nine in Ulster. Out of that nine in Ulster, there were four, I think—I am pretty certain of four—that declared themselves for Dail Eireann.

Q. COMMISSIONER WALSH. I have seen the statement in some English paper that ninety-one per cent of county and municipal councils had declared their allegiance to the Irish Republic. A. It was fully ninety-one per cent.

Q. So that in 1920 you had, in addition to the Irish national Parliament, some ninety-one per cent of the municipal and county councils recognizing the Irish Government and declaring that they no longer gave allegiance to the British Government. A. Right.

Q. Now, to what extent did the courts and judicial functions of Ireland pa[illegible] Government to the Irish C[illegible] almost absolutely.

THE REPUBLICAN COURTS

Q. Give us the figures. I want to get what you claim the facts are, so your friends in America can get the truth. A. Wherever the councils had declared allegiance to Dail Eireann, that was in ninety-one per cent of the counties, the courts were established immediately. At first the courts were not noticed very much by the British Government. She did not like them, but she had no law which could absolutely forbid them. Arbitration courts were legal. And these courts, under the head of arbitration courts, began their functioning.

Q. So that ninety-one per cent of the elected representatives of the people established arbitration courts? A. Yes, certainly. But you must remember that they came on only gradually.

Q. Yes, I understand. But previous to this movement the judicial control of Ireland was never a matter of local control; it was always a matter of British control? A. Yes, always.

Q. So that the entire judiciary was appointed by the British Government? A. Yes.

Q. So what became of them? A. They sat in state in empty courts, surrounded by barbed wire and soldiers. And they waited for cases, and none came. In one case—I would like to have you notice that when the judge came to the city he was always lodged at one of the friendly houses in the city, in what would correspond to your Four Hundred, I suppose. And when the arbitration courts began to function the Irish Parliament said that these judges were forbidden to hold their courts. The result was that when the judge came to Cork there was no lodging for him. He could not sleep in the barracks, because it was against English law in some way. And so he had to sleep in the court house.

Q. So that in Cork there was not only no court for the judge, but not even a bed? A. Yes, not even a bed.

Q. CHAIRMAN HOWE. Were there no hotels? A. There are hotels, but the judge, you see, in Ireland is always an obnoxious person. You see, he was in the pay of the enemy, and he was doing the enemy's business, and he always came surrounded with a great deal of police and military. And so he did not consider it safe to stay in the hotel.

Q. How many of these judges have resigned their positions? A. Many of the magistrates have resigned. They sit in the petty courts.

Q. Are they elected officials? A. No. The Local Government Bill gave the right for nationalists to become J. P.'s. But they have many of them resigned now.

Q. But the judiciary, the English judiciary has practically disappeared? A. Yes. But they sit there yet for purposes of state, I think.

Q. COMMISSIONER WALSH. Now let us come to the police force. To what extent does the old Irish police force, the Royal Irish Constabulary, exist to this day? To what extent has the old Royal Irish Constabulary disappeared by resignations or by severing allegiance to the British crown, and gone over to the Republican movement? A. Several hundreds of them have resigned. I do not know how many of them have gone over to the Republican movement. They have not gone over as police. They would not be accepted as police. They have been trained very largely as spies, and they have been trained to spy on each other. When we set up a police force, it will be a police force such as the R. I. C. never was.

Q. That force has largely broken down? A. Yes, although it has been largely recruited from England.

Q. COMMISSIONER WOOD. I would like to ask Miss MacSwiney a question in regard to the resident magistrates. The resident magistrate is a paid official? A. Yes, he is a paid official appointed by the British Government.

Q. What has become of them? A. They have continued to sit in their courts. If a policeman catches something like a petty

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thief, he will bring them up before the court. But the court is empty most of the time.

Q. Have not many of them resigned? A. No, not many. They have nice, comfortable jobs, you know, and are always selected from the anti-Irish population. Not many of them have resigned.

Q. COMMISSIONER THOMAS. Does the authority of the Irish courts rest upon the consent of the people or upon some other force? A. Upon the consent of the population entirely. And I do not think anything could show the truth about the false contention, put out by England, that we are not a law-abiding people better than the success of these courts, with only moral force, in many cases, to enforce their decrees. We are a law-abiding people absolutely, if we are given a chance to have our own laws. I would like to stress the good the courts did in bringing together the people. Unionists brought their cases to the Irish courts. Protestants brought their cases to the Irish courts. And although they may not have ceased to be Unionists, they have come to the conclusion that if they want their claims settled, they must bring them into the Republican courts. There was one case where a Protestant landlord had a case which he felt he must have settled, and so he took it to the Irish courts. And his friends were shocked, and remonstrated. And he said, "I do not care. If I take it into the English courts I might get a just judgment, but it will not be obeyed. And if I take it into the Irish courts I will get a just judgment and it will be obeyed." And he did get a just judgment and it was obeyed. There is another rather interesting incident in connection with those courts. Three men were arrested for breaking down a wall. They were convicted in a Republican court. One consented to repair the damage, and the other two refused. We have no jails. However, it happened to be on the coast of Galway, So those gentlemen were taken to one of these islands off the coast of Galway. They were given food and everything, for we believe in treating our prisoners humanely. After a couple of days the British police heard where they were, and went out in a boat to rescue them. But when the British police came out, these prisoners stoned the police away, said that they were prisoners of the Irish Republic and would not be molested.

Q. COMMISSIONER WALSH. Is nearly all the civil litigation and criminal litigation carried on in these Irish courts—in the Republican courts of Ireland? A. The civil litigation altogether. The criminal litigation would be a burden if there were much of it. But it is not an excessive exaggeration to say that there is no crime in Ireland. That would be true before the trouble started rather than now. In Ireland there is a rule that when a judge goes on circuit and has no cases to try, he is presented with a pair of white kid gloves. And there were sessions after sessions where the judges going around their circuit got white kid gloves. There was a joke about it, that the judges should set up a glove factory. And that is an absolute fact. There may be little petty larceny cases and breach of promises and the like, and I think that is about the most serious thing. We occasionally have a murder case, but very, very rarely.

The English take criminals out of the jails and send them to spy on the Irish. And they take them out of the jails and make Black-and-Tans of them. There is a friend of mine who is the prison physician at Portland prison, and one day he met a man on the street in the Black-and-Tan uniform and stopped him and said, "Where did I meet you?" And the man said, "Oh, doctor, don't you know? I was at Portland prison when you were the prison physician." That is the way we get English law and order in Ireland. Most of the criminals are sent in from the outside. We have no trouble except where the British forces make it.

ACT OF UNION

Q. MR. F. P. WALSH. Miss MacSwiney, while it is a very well-known subject in England, one of the Commission has asked you to briefly sketch the Act of Union, it being claimed by many persons that there is some parallel between the efforts of certain states in the American union to secede and the efforts of the Irish people to get their independence. Do you understand what I mean? A. Oh, quite, Mr. Walsh.

Q. Give the date of the Act of Union and what attitude the Irish people take toward it. A. I would like to deal first with the suggestion that there is any parallel between the fight between your north and south against secession. If you want any parallel you will have to go back to 1776, and not to 1861. That is the parallel, and not the war for secession. And I would like to say in connection with this that you had far less reason to secede from your mother country than we had, because she was never our mother country. We are a distinct race.

A parallel with your war of secession is the parallel between Ulster and the rest of Ireland today. And if you maintain that you were justified in waging a long war of five years which nearly broke President Lincoln's heart, if you were justified in fighting that war rather than let a part of your country secede, then you must admit that we are justified in fighting for a century, if need be, rather than let a part of Ireland secede.

The Act of Union was signed by King George III in 1801. He was your enemy as well as ours. Ireland had always had her own parliament. But Poyning's Law of 1494, and what is known as the Sixth of George I, passed in 1709, I think—I am not certain—those two laws destroyed all the powers of the Irish Parliament. Poyning's Law said that no laws could be made in Ireland or for Ireland without the consent of the king and the privy council of England. The Sixth of George I went a step further, and declared that all laws passed in England were binding in Ireland. That distinction is quite clear. The first said that all laws passed in Ireland must be approved in England. The second one, passed three centuries later, said that all laws passed in England would become operative in Ireland. And thus those two laws ruined all of the power of the Irish Parliament. The 1782 movement followed very largely from the example of your War of Independence. Ireland could not see why she could not follow your example. But just as in the beginning of your war you had no idea of seceding from your mother country, so those in the Irish rebellion of 1782 had no idea of breaking connection with the English crown. They wanted what they called "the King, Lords, and Parliament of Ireland." They wanted an Irish Parliament separate from that of England, but the English king was to be the ruler in both countries. After a great deal of work that was passed in 1782. But the Act of Union, definitely rescinding all power of Ireland to pass laws, was passed in 1801.

Now, we wanted free trade in Ireland. And when the Volunteers were formed and got their power they began to say they could not see why Ireland should not have the right to trade abroad if she wanted to. She was not allowed to. And so she demanded free trade, the right to trade where she liked. And there is a very famous march of the Volunteers in Dublin when they took up their position before the House of Parliament with a cannon trained on the House, and they put a motto on the cannon, "Free Trade Or This." I think there is a very striking parallel there between your position in 1774 and this. That act resulted in Grattan's Parliament. It had its disabilities, but it doubled Ireland's trade in a short time, and made it very prosperous.

Q. COMMISSIONER WALSH. Miss MacSwiney, just what years are you talking about? A. That was in 1782. The Parliament lasted until 1800. But it really only lasted about ten years, because intrigue destroyed its power.

Q. The prosperity you mentioned was during that period? A. Yes. But you must remember that the Irish people at that time were ignorant, and being ignorant, they were poor. The Catholics, then as now, were in the majority. But the Catholics did not have a vote. Only Protestants could sit in Parliament. But they were Irishmen, and they believed that the development of their country was necessary. Grattan's Parliament had its disabilities, but it was an honest attempt to

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develop Ireland for the Irish. Pitt decided that the Irish Parliament was inconsistent with the rights of England and that it was injuring English trade. (I would recommend to you to read a book by Mrs. Stopford Green, "The Making of Ireland and Its Undoing," which will tell you how England has deliberately destroyed Irish industries whenever they conflicted with her own.) By this time the Irish Volunteers began to admit Catholics to their ranks, and Catholics and Protestants all over the country began to work harmoniously in the ranks of the Volunteers. The Earl of Charleton was commander in chief of the Volunteers. He was a very good man, no doubt, but he was a very timid man in some respects, being afraid of all innovations. He was afraid of Catholic emancipation. And Pitt worked on his horror and dread of Catholic emancipation until he split the Volunteers over it. Always the same British policy—divide and conquer. The Volunteers split over the Earl of Charleton's resignation. The others wanted to keep the Volunteers intact and have Catholics admitted. Having split the Volunteers, the next thing was to disband them. When Charleton had them disbanded, those who would not disband formed themselves into United Irishmen, a definite body announcing a Republican policy and declaring for the Irish Republic.

Q. COMMISSIONER WALSH. What year was that? A. 1795, 1796, and 1797. The Act of Union was passed in that way. First the Volunteers were alienated from each other. Having alienated them, they were suppressed. A fresh supply of Hessians were brought over and let loose on the country. I dare not tell you of the horrors that were committed by them and by the English yeomen in our own country.

Now, at that time all the Irish Volunteers who were willing to be Irish first, formed themselves into the secret society of the United Irishmen. It had to be a secret society, because were it known to exist every member would be killed on the spot. They formed their society in secret and then entered into the '98 insurrection for a republic. This was exactly what Pitt wanted. He wanted an insurrection in order to smash the growing liberty of the people and give him an excuse for the Union. History is repeating itself today. In order to get that insurrection, which the people did not want, because they were not ready for an insurrection, he instituted a system of horrors similar to those of the Black and Tans today. Devastations, lootings, murders, and burnings took place all over the country to exasperate the people into insurrection before the people were ready for it. That insurrection followed, and the result was that the Act of Union was passed. Parliament at that time was purely Protestant. It was made up of Protestant landlords from England—men who bought up pocket boroughs. That is, there were certain districts which returned parliamentary members where there were really no population, no houses at all.

You can see that the Parliament which passed the Act of Union voiced only the minority of the people, because Catholics had no representation at all. In the second place, it voiced only a small minority of that minority because of the property qualification and because no man who had a vote dared thus openly vote against his landlord. If he did, then he lost his holding at once. And that was how the Act of Union was passed. When England says, "The Irish people passed the Act of Union and wanted to be united with us," go and tell her to read history—read Lecky, who certainly is not an Irishman. Froude, the historian, will tell the truth. Gladstone himself says that the blackest stain on England's history is the Act of Union.

At the time that the Act of Union went through, it was promised that English and Irish finances would be kept separate—but the promise was broken. England's national debt was nearly ten times Ireland's, so getting Ireland to help pay it could hardly have been called a fair bargain, but the same obliging parliament was converted to the English point of view in the matter.

THE RELIGIOUS ISSUE

MISS MACSWINEY. I have been told since I have come to this country that there were three things that were a great stumbling block to American sympathy in the Irish situation. First, that it was a religious fight. Second, the difficulty of giving England guaranties that we would not molest her nor let our coast be used for purposes of military aggression. And third, that the Irishmen are going about murdering policemen.

With regard to the religious difficulty, there isn't any, except that which England creates. The religious difficulty of today is created exactly as she created the religious difficulty with the Earl of Charleton in 1797 and smashed the Irish Volunteers. She keeps alive the religious issue in Belfast for her own purposes.

Q. MR. F. P. WALSH. What is your history in Cork? And what per cent of the people are Catholic? A. The population that is non-Catholic would be about ten per cent. The Jews, the Nonconformists, the Protestants, of Cork all have their churches just like the Catholics, only they are not so numerous. But the very biggest business houses in the city are owned by Protestants. For a long time they employed only Protestants, but not now, as they have become more broadminded. Ireland has been remarkably free from religious persecutions. We are the only nation in the whole wide world that accepted Christianity without murdering the first apostles. We are the only nation in the whole world that does not show in its history some early persecutions for religious heresies.

Q. COMMISSIONER ADDAMS. You never have had an anti-Semitic movement in Ireland? A. We never have had a religious persecution movement of any kind whatever. In the north of Ireland are very ignorant people who have the idea very firmly fixed in their heads that the Pope is coming over to Ireland and persecute all the Protestants. Of course, it is nonsense and when the English army of occupation is withdrawn it will disappear.

So much for the religious difficulty. The fact that there will not be any religious persecution under the Irish Government can be proved only by experience. We know there will not be.

Q. COMMISSIONER WALSH. Is it true all over the Catholic part of Ireland that they have elected mayors and officials repeatedly who have not been Catholics? A. Yes, but they would not elect a Unionist at all, no matter what his religion was. If a man is for Ireland, we never ask him his religion. Ireland alone counts.

IRELAND AS A HOSTILE NAVAL BASE

Q. COMMISSIONER MAURER. Do you not think that perhaps those religious differences may be more economic than political; that those who profit by keeping employees in shops and factories unorganized simply start a religious war whenever there is an effort made to improve the workers' standard of living? A. Yes, that is largely true. But the main interest in Ireland is not capitalistic. It is political, England versus Ireland. Then when it comes to what the British always call guaranties for England's safety—they call it safety—our President lately took the first paragraph of the new agreement made with Cuba by the United States. It is a guarantee that the ports of Cuba will not be given to any foreign power or used in any way that would injure the United States. I am not sure of the wording of it. But the point is this—that we are perfectly willing to give a promise that we will not let any other foreign power, or any power, use our ports as a war base.

Q. COMMISSIONER WALSH. Against Great Britain? A. Yes. We are perfectly willing to give that guarantee and to keep it, because when we get our Republic, we are not going to go to war with anybody.

The third thing I was asked is about what is called often the murdering of policemen. I will simply take the murders of policemen by denying that there ever has been a policeman murdered in Ireland. Now I will deal with the shooting of policemen. Will you please start out with the premise that Ireland and

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England are at war. One of the instances about the shooting of policemen was the ambush of seventeen Black and Tans last week at a place not far from Mallow, when the whole seventeen of them were captured, sixteen of them killed, and the seventeenth very severely wounded. That was put down as a very horrible murder. Suppose that in the recent war an American scouting party went out on a Belgian road and got information that three or four lorries of German soldiers carrying ammunition were coming along the road. If they felt strong enough and if they were very plucky—perhaps even if they did not feel strong enough, they would get into a nice little ambush and they would give the best account of that German party that they possibly could. Would you do anything but laugh at the man that would call that ambush party murder? It is an act of war. The Black and Tans were armed to the teeth. I should like to tell you how the Black and Tans go around the streets of our cities and country places. Four or five days ago there was an ambush at Darden, and in that ambush our men got the worst of it—four or five of our men were killed. You will not find any Irish citizen coming before this Commission and claiming that these men were murdered. It was an act of war. It was the shooting of one set of soldiers by another set of soldiers.

SHOOTING UNARMED POLICEMEN

I have also been told that individual policemen who were unarmed have been shot. That is also true. Now I will tell you who those individual policemen are. I was asked a little while ago about the police in Ireland. The police in Ireland have always been under the authority of the British Government. They have not always carried arms, but they carry arms at present, and therefore they are among the armed forces of the Crown. Among the Royal Irish Constabulary was a division known as the G Division. Their work was purely detective work. The people they were sent to spy upon were our fellow citizens. And that went on during every political agitation in Ireland. During the present war, since 1916—since 1914 in fact, the police in that G Division were very active. I am sorry to have to acknowledge that they were Irishmen, but that only makes them greater sinners. The information that they gathered—from girls they met and others—led very often to the arrest and imprisonment of their fellow countrymen. Therefore they were spies. In the recent times in Ireland, when things got very hot, these spies have done very good work for the English Government in Ireland. One of our leaders who was executed in 1916 was executed through one of these spies, who has himself been shot since. During Easter week some of the Volunteers were anxious to shoot down every policeman, every police spy, that is—every policeman of the G Division, and the leaders, Pearse and MacDermott, said, "No, this is a clean fight, and we will deal with them afterwards. There was one detective who was very active in tracking down our men. His life was saved by John MacDermott, one of the signatories of the Irish Declaration of Independence. John MacDermott was a very young man and very lame. Because of his lameness the military officers who captured the people after Easter week came to the conclusion that he could not be one of the leaders, so he was thrown into the barracks along with the rank and file and put in the batch to be sent to the Wakefield prison in England. They were paraded in the Richmond barrack yards before leaving Dublin, and this particular detective was sent up and down the ranks to see if there was any man there who ought to get penal servitude rather than deportation. In going up and down the ranks he saw John MacDermott, and he pointed him out to the British authorities as one of the seven signatories of the Irish Declaration of Independence. And John MacDermott was taken out and shot a few days afterwards—by the man whose life he had saved. That man has subsequently been shot, and shooting was too gentle a death for him. No unarmed policeman has been shot in Ireland unless he has been proved a spy. We have captured the official and private correspondence of Lord French, and we have sent back his personal correspondence marked "Censored by the I. R. A." His official correspondence he did not get back. The official correspondence we have captured from time to time has been conclusive evidence that there are spies at work among us. These are the men we shot.

Q. COMMISSIONER THOMAS. There is also a third case that happened when you were on the water, perhaps. Something like fourteen policemen were shot at different times and places, some on duty and some off, some of them in their homes. A. Those men were spies. They were English secret service men who had the clews of the machinery of our Government. I believe they were the head men there, who were doing untold damage. I do not know the details. But I know this, if any of those men were shot by the Irish Republican Army they were shot justly and after warning.

Q. CHAIRMAN HOWE. What do you mean by warning? A. Oh, they have been told that they would be shot.

Q. You mean that they were told they would be shot if they did not leave the country? A. Yes, they had to leave the country.

Q. COMMISSIONER WALSH. You claim that the shooting of these men who are spies is justified as England is justified in shooting spies? A. Certainly.

Q. But it is quite a different thing for England to shoot at random at a crowd of civilians? A. Yes, certainly.

Q. COMMISSIONER MAURER. Are any of these Irish state policemen or Irish Constabulary resigning? If so, why do they resign? A. They are resigning because they will not take any part in what is going on now in Ireland.

Q. After they resigned, did anything happen to them? A. Not by our own people, but some have been shot—either accidentally or on purpose—by the Black and Tans. They have also caught and flogged other policemen who have resigned from the force.

Q. Have you any personal knowledge of such cases? A. The information I have of such cases I got from the newspapers.

Q. But you have read in the newspapers that many of them have been shot after they have resigned? A. Yes, I have. After they had resigned.

Q. But it seems to me that a Royal Irish Constabulary man who had resigned would have rather endeared himself to the people of the Irish Republic. A. Yes, they would. And furthermore, I can tell you that the Irish Government would see that they do not suffer from their resignations.

Q. But the Black and Tans and the military notice it? A. Yes, that is it. About the time my brother was being taken to Brixton Prison, I read in the paper that about four hundred R. I. C.'s sent in a notice to the Government warning the Government that if he were not released, they would resign in a body. The very instant that I saw that, I knew for one that it was a lie. There are not four hundred of the old R. I. C. men left, nor four dozen, who would say such a thing. The four hundred, if there were four hundred, I knew were the English recruits to the R. I. C., commonly known as Black and Tans. It sounded very big in the English papers that four hundred R. I. C.'s threatened to resign if the Lord Mayor of Cork was not released, because their lives would not be safe in case he died. That, of course, was another piece of lying propaganda. I said that on the instant I saw it, because I did not believe they would do it. The very next day the chief of the R. I. C. sent a letter to the paper denying that the R. I. C. had taken any such action, and very vigorously protesting that such a statement should be made. There are not four hundred or four dozen of the old R. I. C. who are left, but there are any number of Black and Tans who might say it if their lives were in danger.

Q. COMMISSIONER WOOD. You said that some policemen, when they resigned from the R. I. C. had been shot by the Black and Tans. Do you claim that any such killings have been given as an excuse for the shooting up of communities by the Black and Tans? A. I could not say about that.

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THE ARREST OF LORD MAYOR MacSWINEY

MR. F. P. WALSH. Now Miss MacSwiney, will you please tell us the story of the taking of your brother to London, and what took place at Holyhead, and all that.

THE WITNESS. I think it might be well for me to emphasize something in my sister-in-law's story, something that she did not emphasize very much. She is very young, and she was never used to fighting things out as we were, and the constant strain of her husband's being on the run, as we call it in Ireland—that is, avoiding arrest—especially that terrible time when she had to take a little baby of six weeks old from the south to the north of Ireland to see her father, because we knew her husband would be arrested upon his release, left her in a very precarious state of health for months before my brother's final arrest. From Christmas last until Easter she was so ill that she was unable to have her little baby with her, and the baby was with us all the time. Her husband went constantly to see her when he could. He occasionally spent a night with her. She did the best she could to keep up, and towards Easter she was better. That was just before he was made Lord Mayor. You asked her to state what he said to her about that. I imagine he said very little, because he knew and we all knew that it would mean his death. And naturally he did not want to distress her by talking about that.

Q. COMMISSIONER WALSH. May I interrupt to ask you what per cent. of young men are on the run? A. I would say about ninety-nine per cent—perhaps a hundred per cent. of the young men and some of the old men. A few of them take their chances and live at home. My oldest brother, who is an American citizen, is not sleeping at home with us simply because my sister will not have him in the house. I can also tell you that a couple of nights when the searching seemed to slacken a little, my brother, the Lord Mayor, was in very great need of rest, and he said he would sleep at home, which always meant our home, because although they had two houses after they were married, he was never able to sleep at them. One night when he decided to risk it, at half-past eleven there was a knock at the door. You can imagine our state of mind. But it was one of his Volunteers who came to tell him that the enemy were on his track and he would have to go. Another night, when he and his bodyguard ventured to stay in the house, a similar message came. The result of it was that he got no rest. He did not try to stay at home a third time. That was the kind of a life they were living. He always went about guarded. All his meals were taken at our house. We are quite near, not more than six minutes' walk from the city hall. He was able to come over the bridges of the north and south channels quietly and take his meals. His last meal there was for tea at half-past five on the afternoon of his arrest. And then he went to the city hall and was arrested.

In telling you my brother's story, I would like to confine myself to his prison experiences from the point of view of Ireland and not the personal point of view. I want to deal with the English propaganda to discredit him and to discredit Ireland's cause.

METHODS OF MANUFACTURING EVIDENCE

When my brother was arrested, he was arrested on no particular charge. The charge was manufactured after the arrest. That was quite usual. They always manufacture the evidence. They have very often manufactured evidence in this way: they have sent anonymous letters to the houses of people which they were going to raid, addressed to the person they wanted to implicate. These anonymous letters were very often incitements to shoot policemen, and various things like that. My brother was arrested on Thursday night at seven o'clock. On that afternoon, by the afternoon post, which comes between half-past four and five, a letter came addressed to The Lord Mayor of Cork, *or* Miss Mary MacSwiney, Belgrave Place, Cork. I opened it. It was in a disguised handwriting, and purported to be from a Volunteer in Tipperary saying that the Volunteers in Tipperary were very lax in the people they allowed to go about, giving details about a certain policeman named Quinn, whom this letter said was causing a great deal of trouble, and urging that without further delay this man should be shot. I read the letter twice over. It was an anonymous letter. I tore it up and burnt it. When my brother came in, I told him what had happened. These things are so much matters of course that there was not much more comment made about it. At midnight that night two military officers and a large body of men came to our house to raid it. They were sent for that letter, for that bit of evidence against my brother. That is the sort of thing that we have to put up with. If that letter had been found in my house he would have been charged, not with the charges that were preferred against him, but on being the leader of a conspiracy to murder policemen. And they searched my house very thoroughly indeed that night to get evidence of his complicity in the murder of policemen.

My brother was arrested on August 12, and kept in Cork jail. My sister-in-law told you that I went down to see her on Saturday. I saw him in Cork jail that morning, and that was the first intimation I had that he was hunger striking. He looked very bad then, although it was only his third day. On Saturday I went down to see her and to look after the baby. Therefore I was not present at the trial, but I know that he said that he was really the person who should be trying his judges, and he told those military officers, with respect to the charge that he had a police code, that he was the only person in that city who should have a police code, and anybody else who had one without his permission was guilty of an illegal act. They said they found the code in his desk. That was a lie. The code at the time of his arrest was in the possession of somebody else. That man did not have time to destroy it, and he stuck it in a place that he thought might escape the attention of the military. But they captured it. They did not capture it in the city hall at all. But they took it at once and put it in the Lord Mayor's desk, and said they found it there. That was a lie.

The other two charges, that he had a uniform of the Irish Republican Army and that he was the presiding officer of a body that had sworn allegiance to Dail Eireann, were due, of course, to the English attitude toward their authority in Ireland. And their right to assume that authority he denied absolutely.

When my sister-in-law came up to Cork on Monday, after my brother's arrest, I remained at Youghal. I did not know then she was coming down, but I got a telegram to catch the four o'clock train up to Cork. My sister-in-law met me at the station and told me that the trial was over, and probably he would be deported that night, and that I had better go up at once as a special permission had been given for me to see him. I went up to Cork, arriving there about six o'clock. My sister had by that time received the letter from General Strickland, commander of the British forces, that I and my younger brother, who had not seen him during the day, might see my brother. We went up to the barracks. He was sitting in one of the large rooms—evidently an officer's bedroom, and he was sitting there wrapped up in a big coat and evidently feeling very badly. I asked when he was to be sent away. The military officers said they did not know. Of course they knew, but they had orders not to tell us. I said, "This thing is rather important to us. My brother has only the clothes he has on. If you are going to send him out of the country, we want to send him a suitcase with clothes." They could not tell us but they thought it would be wise to send the suit case.

On Friday we learned that he was at the military barracks, but we did not know what they were going to do with him. On Saturday he was sent to the Cork jail. On Tuesday he was sent over to England.

I think my brother left Cork about four o'clock Tuesday morning or at any rate during the curfew hours. And then

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we wired the authorities to know where he was, and we did not get any information. Meanwhile we wired friends in England to learn where he was. Mr. Arthur O'Brien put his machinery to work and finally wired us that my brother was at Brixton. That was Thursday morning. The authorities also found out that he was over at Brixton. But I was half-way over when they wired. I left Cork immediately and arrived in London Friday morning, the twentieth of August, and I saw my brother that day. My sister-in-law arrived Saturday, and it was arranged that as soon as the situation got so dangerous that my brother was on the point of death, that I should send word to my sister to come at once. When I saw my brother then on Friday the twentieth, I did not think he could live a week. Dr. Hickson, the doctor of the prison who was then in charge, told me he would tell me when my brother was at the point of death in time to advise my sister-in-law. On the following Tuesday my brother had a very bad time, and he was so seriously ill that I did not wait any longer, but wired my brother and sister to come, too, and not wait any longer. Then he seemed to remain stationary. But when it was about half over he got very great pains, a kind of neuritis. Then at the end time there was nothing but very great weakness.

I want to speak of the English anti-Irish propaganda on the whole situation. We were allowed, as I said this morning, unlimited access to my brother, even to the extent of allowing my youngest brother to remain in the prison all night long. That seemed very kind, but I believe it was done not so much to be kind to us as to break my brother down. England, from the point of view of getting a victim, got a very bad one in the case of my brother. The doctors were obliged to report that forcible feeding would not do in his case. On account of an attack of pleurisy in his infancy he had a weak spot in his lungs, and forcible feeding would only have hastened his death.

MacSWINEY'S FAST EVOKES WORLD'S SYMPATHY

The second mistake England made was the bringing of him from Cork to London. If they had kept him in Cork you probably would never have heard of the matter. But by taking him to London, he was in the spot where newspaper reporters from all quarters of the world are. And the result was that the reasons of that hunger strike were heralded all over the world and did more good for Ireland than anything that has happened for a hundred and fifty years.

And then again, it would not have done so much good for Ireland if they had not taken him to London and his family had not moved over there and settled there with him. England was very much surprised at the great wave of sympathy beginning to go throughout the whole world, and then she began to try to counter that propaganda in every way she could. The papers began to say that the doctors were feeding him, that they were giving him proteids in his medicine. I called the doctors' attention to it, and they pooh-poohed it and said, "Who cares what the newspapers say? Who pays any attention to it?" These are the words of the English doctor, gentlemen of the press, and not mine. I asked the doctors to make a statement that they were not putting food in my brother's medicine, and they refused. That was getting such world-wide publicity —the newspaper reporters were coming to us to know if that was possible, and the belief was getting so general that it was being done that we had to counteract it somehow. I am now going to give you a piece of information that is given for the first time to anybody. We stole some of the medicine—from under the very eyes of the jailer—and we had it analyzed. The analysis proved that there was absolutely nothing in the medicine but just what the doctors had told us it was—a purgative medicine to keep the body functioning in an orderly way. There was absolutely no trace of food. This is the first time that this is given to anybody, even to our own intimate friends. Only my brother knew of it, and my sister, and myself; for a long time even my sister-in-law did not know because we wanted to keep it very secret. Now, you will ask, if it was so secret as all that, what use was it to us? If the prison authorities had found out that we had the medicine analyzed we would have been turned out of the prison. But having satisfied ourselves that they were not playing any tricks, we set about satisfying the public. We got the most eminent doctor that we could, and we told him to examine the medicine, that we wanted to be satisfied that the doctors were not putting proteids in the medicine they were feeding my brother. Then there was a rumor that my brother, being on the point of death, was to be moved to a nursing home, as the authorities were afraid to have him die in prison. The first thing the doctor said to all of us, when he came out of my brother's room, was, "The Lord Mayor does not want to die. He has no intention of committing suicide." Of course we knew that. What he wanted was freedom. And I told him straight out what we wanted to know, and he assured us that the doctors were not feeding my brother secretly, and said we might trust the doctors because they were all honorable men. We had obtained our object as far as the newspapers were concerned; and from that day on there was not a hint in any of the English papers that the doctors were feeding him secretly.

That disposed of that, but they said that his relatives were feeding him secretly. Of course they could not say openly that we did that secretly. They said, of course, even the doctors said, "The food is always there, and he can eat at any time." And the curious thing was that they changed the food to meet his condition. At first there was chicken and eggs and the like. And as he got weaker afterwards they brought him chicken broth, meat essence, milk with brandy, and the things he would naturally get if he would take food. And we were invited to give them to him. We never gave him food, but we were giving him water whenever he would ask for it, but from the day that this propaganda began that we were feeding him secretly, we would let the nurse get him the water. We had to watch like lynxes from beginning to end.

ATTEMPTS TO SAVE MacSWINEY

Another thing I would like you to know about the English attitude toward us is that we found out that they were counting very strongly on the effect my brother's death might have on the Irish Volunteers. They had tried in every way to provoke the Volunteers until they would come out in the open so that they might crush them, but they had not succeeded in doing it. They had come to the conclusion that they could not defeat the Volunteer organization in that way, but they still thought that if they could get hold of the leaders and get them killed in large numbers, they would be able to conquer the rest of the country. Rumors were brought to me from Ireland that the Volunteers were in a very great state of tension. And some people whose advice could not be set aside, were very much concerned lest his death would cause just such an uprising in Cork as would give the English their chance. And so, when the opportunity came, I said to my brother, "Do you think the Volunteers will be out of hand? Would you not like to send them a message?" His answer to me was, "Certainly not. The Volunteers are soldiers who are effectively officered, and it would be an insult to both officers and men if I sent them such a message. They are a disciplined body, and they know their duty and they will do it." When the end was very close and the tension very high, I sent a message to Cork myself, and the message was just what my brother had said.

While we were all perfectly satisfied that my brother should carry his sacrifice to the end, and while we did not begrudge him to Ireland, we felt it our duty to do every single thing we could to save him, everything we could consistently do with his principles and with ours. Short of a compromise, we felt bound to try to save his life and make the English release him. I went the day after my arrival in London to the Home Office. That was on Friday—the first day I arrived in London. I went to the Home Office. I saw some of the under secretaries. They told me that the Government's decision was unalterable;

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that my brother's death would be on his own head; and that they would not release him on account of the hunger strike. I asked to see Mr. Short, and I was told that Mr. Short was busy. I wrote to Mr. Short and told him that this was a very serious matter, and asked for an interview. He wrote back that no good purpose was to be served by an interview, since the Government's decision was unalterable. Lloyd George was then in Lucerne or Geneva, Lucerne I think, and I asked who was responsible in this matter. Mr. Short sent back a message, which probably appeared in the American papers at the time, which was a deliberate insult to a woman to whom he was already causing as much suffering as was at all necessary. He said that he had received my appeal on behalf of my brother's life. (I made none.) He said that he regretted that my brother was causing such suffering to his family by his deliberate suicide. He accepted the responsibility, and he is responsible before God and the world for that murder.

I found, then, that the Home Office was quite determined to let him die, but the English press was quite sympathetic. Even the anti-Irish press said it was a mistake to let my brother die. And the labor people were passing resolutions about the matter. I told my brother one day that the labor people were very sympathetic, and his answer was, "If English labor really wanted to get me out, they could do it in twenty-four hours if they liked."

Then I went to interview the Council of Action. They were very sympathetic, very, but no man was sufficiently courageous to take action. Then there was a big labor congress held this summer at Portsmouth. I went down to Portsmouth, and although they were all intensely sympathetic they felt it was not their business. They were not responsible. That was their attitude.

And now I come to our own particular treatment. On the Monday before my brother's death, exactly a week before he died, there was a consultation of doctors, and when they came out they called me aside and they said that my brother had developed symptoms of scurvy, and that it was necessary for him to take lime juice, but he had refused, and when they had asked him he said that he only wanted to be left alone and to die in peace. And the doctor said (this was the special doctor who came to see him once a week), "I assure you, Miss MacSwiney, that your brother will not die in peace if he gets scurvy. He will die with the most terrible tortures. And you had better urge him to take lime juice now." And I told him that I was afraid I could not. And then he continued and tried to tell me what a terrible death dying by scurvy was. And I turned to him and said, "It would be a terrible thing to die with tortures. The matter is in God's hands, and we can only ask that He does not let him suffer too much." And he turned to me and said, "God has nothing to do with it. The case is in our hands, your hands and my hands. And we shall see that he will have to take lime juice." I said that I would not urge my brother to take lime juice, and that was all there was of it.

On Wednesday he was wildly delirious all that day, and at night time he was very uneasy. I am not given to asking favors of the doctors, but I did beg them very hard that night to let me stay in the prison with my brother. Father Dominick, I think it was through Dr. Hickson—he was always very humane—was allowed to stay in the prison. Although I was not allowed on the landing, I took occasional peeps to see what was going on, and they fed him all through Wednesday night. They did not begin to feed him until Wednesday night, when he was quite unconscious.

I got permission to stay there all that night. The next thing I want to call your attention to is that in Friday morning's papers appeared a remark by the Home Secretary in answer to a question in the House of Commons by an honest man, Lieutenant-Commander Kenworthy, about forcibly feeding my brother in his weak state. And he answered that the Lord Mayor was not being forcibly fed, but that a cup was held to his lips and he was swallowing it voluntarily. Now, you will see how thoughtless people could look at that, and I knew it was more propaganda. And that morning I tried to get hold of Dr. Hickson—and if I got him before Dr. Griffiths was there, I usually succeeded in getting the truth out of him before he was coached. And I said to him, "You know very well that that action of swallowing is a reflex action, that it is not a voluntary action." And he said that my brother was quite unconscious that he was swallowing, and that it was a reflex action. And I said, "Have I your permission to quote that in public?" And he said, "Yes." And I went away and immediately made it public. I sent it to the House of Commons and to Mr. Short, and asked Mr. Short to retract the lie he had stated the night before. I sent it over home, and I also gave it to the newspaper correspondents of the whole world, that statement of the doctor's with his name attached to it. The result was my expulsion from the prison. I am quite sure that that was why I was forbidden to enter the prison after Friday. When I went to the prison on Saturday I was not allowed to see my brother although I waited until half-past ten that night—and then it took nearly an hour to get myself and my sister out of the prison. Sunday was the same for us except that we had to stand outside the prison gate all day long. On Monday my brother died.

I want to say something about the inquest that my sister-in-law did not mention this morning, and that is that they did everything, every single thing they could, to bring in a verdict of suicide. I do not know anything about the law of it, but I heard quite late on Tuesday evening that if my brother was found to be a suicide, they could hold his body. We called up Sir Norman Moore, the specialist whom we had sent for to see my brother, told him the circumstances and asked him to come and tell the jury that my brother did not want to die. After his testimony, although the jury was asked to bring in a verdict of suicide, they brought in an open verdict. Then finally we got permission from the Home Office to take the body to Ireland.

THE HOLYHEAD INCIDENT

At Crewe we were told that when we got to Holyhead we were to go straight to Cork. My brother was sent for by the police inspector. I do not know that you are aware that a large body of police traveled on the train from Euston to Holyhead. They tried to play a trick on us, and tried to send the train off without the friends knowing it. And then my sister and myself went into the van where my brother's remains were, and said we would not go away. Then they started the train and sent us away to get us outside of London. We were then informed by the police that the remains were to be put on the steamship Rathmore and taken to Dublin, and that not more than twenty of my brother's friends were to be allowed to travel with my brother's remains. A consultation was held with my sister, and we decided unanimously that we would not one of us go on that ship. If they took my brother's remains away from us by force, and then we went on the ship, it would be a tacit consent to their action. People seemed to think that we were very hard-hearted to let my brother's remains travel like that without any of his friends. We did what we knew he would have liked us to do—what would be for Ireland's good first.

When Holyhead was reached we went and stood by the van where my brother's remains were. My younger brother went and interviewed the station master, and we were told finally that the body was to be taken by force, and they came into the van to take it. Then we were asked to go outside, and we refused. When we got on the platform at Holyhead there were about one hundred fifty Black and Tans there, and their faces as they sneered and jeered through the window at my brother's body were the most evil sight I have ever seen.

Finally all our friends gathered around the coffin, and refused to move. I would rather be spared the details of what fol-

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lowed. There were some men first: I can only say that I was the first woman to be picked up like a bale of goods and thrown out—thrown out literally—onto the platform. My brother jumped to try to save me, and he was nearly choked by four policemen. And a military officer jumped over a wagon—a small cart, and took him by the back of the neck and tried to choke him. He had his arms around me and I threw my arms around him to try to save him from being choked to death. The incident was a very painful one. And I thought every instant that my younger brother would drop dead before my eyes, because the treatment he received by the Canadian authorities in a Canadian prison during the war has injured his heart; and a doctor in America has told him that any excitement is apt to cause him to drop dead. I was afraid he was going to drop dead that night. Then they took the body, and increased the number that could travel with it from twenty to seventy-five; and when we refused to go the police inspector asked Mr. O'Brien to point out to the relatives the sacredness of the remains and what respect was due them. As if we needed to be told of the sacredness of his body! The remains were taken by the Rathmore to Dublin, and the funeral was carried out, and then we went on to Cork by special train. In the evening I got a letter than my brother's body was at the customs house and we might have it. He was buried in what is called the Martyrs' Plot not far from Lord Mayor MacCurtain and some of the fallen soldiers of the Irish Republican Army.

Witness gave an account of the functioning of the Republican courts and of her own part in the educational system. On being asked what plan the *de facto* Government has for financing the country, Miss MacSwiney thought that no plan has as yet been formulated. But the loan which was floated some time ago was oversubscribed, so that the Irish do not feel despondent on that score.

The Testimony of P. J. Guilfoil

Mr. P. J. Guilfoil is an American citizen from Pittsburgh who took his wife and two children to Ireland last May. They visited his sister-in-law in Feakle in County Clare.

Q. MR. D. F. MALONE. I understand, Mr. Guilfoil, that the home in which you were living was burned. A. Right.

Q. Were you there at the time? A. Yes.

Q. Just relate briefly for the Commission the circumstances of that burning. What date was that? A. On the morning of October seventh. The postoffice is about a quarter of a mile out from this little town, and there were six of the Royal Irish Constabulary who went out to this postoffice, and two of them got shot just as they reached the postoffice at ten-thirty in the morning.

Q. THE COMMISSION. Did you see this or just hear about it? A. I saw the whole thing. I went out there about eleven or eleven-thirty to send a wire to Thomas Cook & Sons of Dublin about my return to the States. I knew about the happening before I left the town to go out there, and being an American citizen and having my passport there, and being of good courage, I went out there after the two policemen were shot.

Q. But you saw them shot? A. No, I saw them lying there. I was in the town then. When I got there there was a young priest, Father O'Reilly, the only priest in the parish, with the dead men. I viewed the remains by the roadside. Word had been sent to the military at Ennis, a town about eighteen miles from there. I questioned the priest about the matter, and he said that all he knew about it was that he was called there about a half hour before by a young girl who told him there were two men at the postoffice in a dying condition. The town physician had been there also, Dr. O'Halloran, but he had left before I arrived. I asked the priest if he did not run great danger of reprisals for remaining there. But he said, What could he do? He could not leave two dead bodies by the road, because there were pigs and dogs around there. I told him that if he felt that way about it, I would remain with him, which I did. About two o'clock the military arrived, about fifty on horseback. They got the priest to provide a horse and cart to carry the remains into the town. They carried the bodies into the town, and some of the military remained there with the horses, and the others went on with the bodies.

I remained there where the police were shot for about half an hour, and then I walked into the town. As I got into the town there was a man named Considine—he has got a public house, which is what they call a saloon here—and he is a carpenter by trade. He has three young sons whom it seems are connected with the Sinn Fein movement. The military had taken possession of his house when I arrived. They were standing out in front with their bayonets fixed, standing on guard. They were plainly partaking of the liquids in the house. I saw that as I passed by.

I walked on up the street. About fifty or sixty yards up is where my sister-in-law lives, on the other side of the street. I had no more than entered when an officer comes in and asks, "Where is the civilian who just entered?" I was the only man living in the cottage. He wanted to know where I belonged. I explained who I was, showed him my passport, and told him I was an American tourist. He examined the passport very closely, and asked me if I had a pencil, and I told him no, I had a fountain pen. And he said he was going to put me on the black list, and he took the number of my passport and also my name. I said that was very nice. He left there, but soon returned and had six soldiers come back with him. They stood on guard outside the house and remained there until five that evening. Some of the men were visibly under the influence of liquor coming on towards evening.

At six-thirty that evening there was a military officer and a district inspector who had come from Tulla, about eight miles away. They went to where this priest was living, this Father O'Reilly. There is a stone coping about three feet high around the house, where there is a garden and flowers inside. The six soldiers remained outside and the officer went in and knocked at the door. And I stood directly across the street taking it all in. The officer said to the priest when he answered the door, "Are you O'Reilly?" The priest answered, "Yes." Then he grabbed him by the collar and said, "Come here, you. You saw this horrible murder committed this morning. I will give you just five minutes to confess. Who committed this horrible murder?" The priest said, "I am innocent. I had nothing to do with it." The officer said, "Attention, men." The six soldiers were standing outside the wall on the road. The six soldiers then went in and grabbed hold of the priest. Three of them had him by the head and three by the feet. They carried him out, the three in the lead carrying him out of the gate, and the three on the inside laid him down on the wall, face down. The two officers remained inside in the garden, and one of them said he would give him just one minute to confess to the horrible murder. The priest said he was innocent. One of the officers said, "Let him have it." And the sight of it was too horrible for me to witness, and I pulled my cap down so I would not see the flash. Instead of that, one of the soldiers stepped forward and with the butt of his rifle hit him three horrible blows across the hips. The officer said, "Now, will you confess to this horrible crime?" He said, "I am innocent." The one officer spoke and said, "We will show you we are more humane than you are. And now get up and get into the house." The priest got up and started to go into the house, and as he did so, the officer gave him a kick and called him some terrible names as he went into the house. The six soldiers went on up to the barracks.

The officer and soldiers went up to the barracks and got into a big motor lorry and went away. I went across the street and knocked at the door of the priest's house, and he let me into the house, and I said, "My God, are you able to stand up?" And he said, "I got some awful wallops and am suffering great pain, but what am I going to do?" And I said, "I don't suppose your

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feet can carry you very far, but as far as they can carry you, I would advise you to get out of the town. There will be reprisals tonight." He said, "Well, if there are reprisals there will be people dying, and they will need a priest." I said, "You would not abandon that place out there this morning, and I will not urge you to leave. Use your own judgment, Father O'Reilly."

As I went across the street—it was getting dark—and as I crossed the street Dr. O'Halloran, the town physician, came down, and I said, "Where have you been?" And he said, "Up to the barracks. The conditions up there are terrible. They are all wild drunk." He said Finnery, a sergeant up there, got a terrible cut in his wrist. He stuck his fist through a plate glass window down at Considine's. He said, "P. J., I would advise you to get in and stay in off the streets tonight, for there is going to be trouble." I told my wife and sister-in-law about the conversation. I had not been in three minutes when the shooting began. The police and the military came on down the street banging and shooting and throwing hand grenades in all directions. We had just been drinking some tea that was standing there, and I said, "We had better get out of the way. Here they come." I got the two little children, and we went upstairs. And I said to the children, "You had better lie next to the walls." I do not need to tell you how nervous those children were. They were shaking so that I got to shaking myself. After they got on down the street I went down stairs and got some souvenirs.

Q. COMMISSIONER WALSH. What is it, for the sake of the record? A. A steel bullet. (Exhibits bullet to Commission.) After they passed down the street—this Considine place, as I have stated, is about fifty or sixty yards from us on the left hand side of the street—a thatched house. They took a big long candle and they lit it. I got up and looked out of the window as they passed. They just took this candle and held it under the roof of the house until it was all afire.

BURNING A COTTAGE AND SHOOTING UP A VILLAGE

They went on down the street, firing and shooting and shouting, until about twelve-thirty or one. At one o'clock—in the other half of the cottage there is a family named O'Brien. They vacated at some part of the evening, the time I do not know. The military went in and searched the house. I understand that one of the young O'Briens was in sympathy with the Sinn Fein movement. The cottages are only divided by partitions. I was in the part of the upstairs near the O'Brien's cottage. My Misses told me that the soldiers were on the roof. I said, "They are on the roof taking observations the same as ourselves." She said she smelled rags burning. I said it was the Considine house, because the wind was westerly and we were getting the smell of their burning. The Misses said it was not. At one or one-twenty the Misses got up and pulled the blinds back, and the flames were coming up to the window. She said, "My God, I told you the house was on fire!" I got out of bed and told her to get the children out, and ran down with an armful of clothes for the children, and threw them over the wall that divides the field from the house, and told her to bring the children down there. I looked up at the cottage, and there was a hole just about as big as that skylight burning in the roof. I ran back and said, "We have no time to fool around here. Take what you have and get out of here. I prefer to be shot than to be burned to death." They were still shooting down the street. So they got out of there and went back in the field. The Misses got dressed and dressed the children.

After that a bit they ceased shooting for a time. Some kind neighbors came to our assistance, and we said that if we had a ladder and some buckets we could save part of the cottage. Mr. Maloney, who lives across the street, got a ladder, and some of the men got some buckets, and we succeeded in saving the biggest part of the cottage.

At six o'clock that morning I got hold of a car to convey my baggage and the children out of town, and about ten o'clock I left myself. Then I went to a place where my wife's people live.

Q. COMMISSIONER WALSH. In another town? A. It is in the country.

Q. How many houses were burned? A. Two that night.

Q. Anybody shot? A. Nobody shot, Senator. The only thing was the beating of the priest that evening.

Q. MR. D. F. MALONE. Did they injure his property? A. Well, that happened next day. They came down the next day and asked Mrs. MacDonald, the woman who owns the property, if any of the furniture belonged to her. She said no. They took the entire furniture, with the exception of a wardrobe that was too heavy to pack down stairs, and packed it out to the middle of the street and set fire to it. And they said they were only sorry that they did not have that bloody bastard, as they called the priest, to put him on top of it. The following night—that would be October eighth—they went out to the postoffice, and the postoffice and the house next to it, they set fire to both of those, and burned a lot of hay that was in the field back of it. And about two hundred yards in the field there was a man named MacCullough, and they burned his house and all the outhouses and two big stacks of oats. They burned everything he had but a little house covered with galvanized iron, which I dare say they could not burn.

Q. How large a town is this, Mr. Guilfoil? A. Two or three hundred.

Q. When did you leave Ireland? A. I left Ireland the twenty-first of October on the steamer Celtic.

Q. COMMISSIONER ADDAMS. I would like to ask you about the killing of the policemen at the postoffice. There were two killed? A. Yes.

Q. Did you get any information about why they had been killed? A. The only information I received as to that was that it must have been done by the Irish Republican Army. There were six of those policemen. The two that they killed they deprived of all their arms and ammunition. The papers there brought out the unscrupulous way in which they robbed the bodies. I was there when they put the bodies into carts, and the officer took the men's watches and pocket books, but he gave Stanley's—one of the dead—to his wife.

Q. CHAIRMAN HOWE. What statement did they give as to why they were killed? A. The statement was made that they were shot and robbed.

Q. COMMISSIONER WALSH. But he asked you what made these men marked men—why were they killed? A. There was one of them, Stanley, who came up to Mrs. McDonough's public house and pulled out a forty-four revolver, and he said, "If I only had a few more like these I would damn soon finish the Republican Army."

KILLING OF FOUR YOUNG MEN

Q. COMMISSIONER WALSH. I would like to have you develop any facts or evidence that you have as to what these men had done to interfere with the happiness and peace and good order of these people before they were shot. A. Nothing that I know of further.

Q. Did you hear anything as to why the members of the Republican Army were going to shoot them, or did shoot them? A. The only thing I heard around there was that the Sinn Fein, the Republican Army, was trying to take those barracks just a week before I arrived in that town, but did not succeed. There is a little town about six miles from there, Scariff; they started on that barracks on Saturday, the eighteenth of September, I think. There were about three hundred of the Irish Republican Army who came there that night, but they did not succeed in taking that barracks either. The second or third day after that the military or police evacuated and went to a town named Killaloe, about eight miles away. And the day after that the Irish Republican Army came there and tore the barracks down. There were some young fellows, Rogers, a cousin of mine, MacMahon, Eagan, and Gildan, these four young fellows were on the run. They were down at a town named Whitegate about eight miles from Scariff. The town of Killaloe is about

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eight or nine miles below Scariff. The River Shannon comes in between and divides those towns. They make an angle like this (indicating an acute angle). The military went across the river in a boat and arrested all four of these young fellows, and two others who owned the house in which they were living. They took them across the river, and not through their own town, and the four of them were shot out in the middle of the Killahoe Bridge. There is quite a depth of water there, and right in the middle of the bridge is where they were shot.

Q. COMMISSIONER WALSH. What date? A. I have the papers here.

Q. Did this happen before you left Ireland? A. No, these men were shot since.

Q. Were these men shot before or after the shooting of the police? A. After. This happened about the fifteenth or sixteenth. The paper is dated the nineteenth. The military tried to make it out that these men were shot trying to escape, but the paper brings it out that these men could not have tried to escape in the middle of the bridge, because the channel is too deep there, and they were handcuffed.

Q. Were the bodies found? A. Yes.

Q. Handcuffed where they were found? A. No, the military took their bodies to their barracks and would not let the people of the village see them after they had them in there.

Q. How long had they been pursuing them? A. These young fellows who were arrested had been on the run since September, 1918.

Testimony of Daniel Francis Crowley

Daniel Francis Crowley was born at Bohocoghlin, County Kerry, and is twenty-three years old. Mr. Crowley served for three years as a member of the Royal Irish Constabulary at Clogheen, a town of about 600 inhabitants, in Tipperary.

Q. MR. D. F. MALONE. Throughout your three years' service as a member of the Royal Irish Constabulary, did you ever have to make an arrest or serve a warrant there? A. No, I never arrested a person there during my time, and I never issued a summons against any person.

Q. Did you ever know of any serious crimes committed by any of the population? A. No— no serious crime.

Q. Do you remember that incident of petty theft which you told me? A. Oh, yes. Mr. Talbot, the Protestant minister in Clogheen—his fishing rod was stolen, and he reported the matter to the police sergeant, and the police sergeant could not find his fishing rod for him. And then he reported it to the Irish Volunteers, and the Irish Volunteers got his fishing rod back for him. And the consequence was that he said that the police service in Ireland was useless, and the Volunteers far better.

Q. What was the religious feeling between the people there? A. The religious peace was very great.

Q. CHAIRMAN HOWE. Did Protestants and Catholics trade with one another? A. Oh, yes.

Q. Did they go to each other's houses freely? A. Yes, sir.

Q. Clogheen then was a peaceful city? A. Yes, sir, very.

Q. MR. D. F. MALONE. How many constables were there in the barracks? A. Five. Four constables and a sergeant.

Q. Do you know what the orders issued to police immediately before and continuing for a time after the murder of Lord Mayor MacCurtain were? A. Yes. The orders issued where I was stationed in Clogheen by General Lucas, who commanded the military forces of Cork and Tipperary, were that if two police could be spared to go with the military, they were to go on an armored car with a machine gun, and they were to patrol the country night and day, and every man who took a prominent part in the Sinn Fein movement they were to stand up in front of his house and turn the machine gun on it. In this armored car there were put one hundred twenty cans of petrol and also one hundred twenty Mills' bombs, for burning houses. Those were the orders which General Lucas, who was later kidnapped at Fermoy, gave in the barracks. If they found a Sinn Feiner, they were to turn the machine gun on him.

Q. Did you hear these instructions issued yourself? A. Yes, I was in the barracks when he issued them.

Q. Were those general orders carried out? A. The military carried them out. I did not, nor did two other men who protested against them. I remember that on the night of May 21 myself and Constables Kirwan and Galvin—Mr. Galvin will also speak here—were sent out on a night patrol, with two Black and Tans named Richards and Gillett. About nine o'clock Richards said he wanted us to show him where Maurice Walsh and William Joseph Condon lived, that he was going to shoot them. Condon was chairman of the Clogheen District Council. The only reason for shooting them was that the Sunday before these men had said at a meeting of the Council that Clogheen was such a peaceful district that they could well get on without the one hundred military stationed there. The acts of the military were something disgraceful.

Q. Describe what you mean by "the acts of the military were something disgraceful." A. Well, I have seen them stop two girls of the town coming to the Rosary at half past six in the evening, and they said to the girls, "Hands up," and knocked them down. And I came to their rescue and said, "Stop, they are innocent girls." And I surely believe that if I had not been there, they would have been brutally assaulted.

Q. What other acts did you witness that makes you believe that the acts of the military were something disgraceful? A. They were so disgraceful that Mr. Talbot, the Protestant minister at Clogheen, wrote to Dublin Castle saying that their acts and deeds in Clogheen were shameful and he got this Devonshire regiment sent out of the district.

Q. You said that these Black and Tans went out to kill this man Walsh and the other man. What did you have to do with it? A. They did not know where these two men lived and wanted me and Galvin to show them. They would go and shoot them, they said, and bring back their ears as evidence to the barracks. We refused, and turned back to the barracks, and begged Richards to come back with us. Richards got behind a black-thorn fence. We begged him to come on back with us. He said that if we came one step nearer, he would blow our brains out. We went on down the road, and when only about two hundred yards off, fired several shots at us.

Q. COMMISSIONER ADDAMS. Were those men killed afterwards? A. No. The next day I went into the village and told Walsh and Condon what Richards had done. It went out publicly then, what these Black and Tans, who were the only ones in the barracks, wanted to do. They heard of it, and Gillett pointed his loaded revolver at me three times and wanted to shoot me. I guess they would have shot me but there was an Irish sergeant there, and they were afraid to do it.

Q. How many Black and Tans were there in your barracks? A. Just three of them.

Q. CHAIRMAN HOWE. And how many of the Royal Irish Constabulary? A. There were five, sir.

Q. COMMISSIONER WALSH. And a hundred military. A. Yes.

Q. Who controls the Black and Tans there? A. Since March last, the Black and Tans are under military orders.

Q. MR. D. F. MALONE. You said that Mr. Walsh and Mr. Condon were not killed? A. No, they are still there.

Q. COMMISSIONER ADDAMS. I would like to ask about the two girls whom the Black and Tans commanded to throw up their hands. What happened to them? A. Well, on this evening, an English soldier and six Black and Tans shouted at the girls, "Hands up!" and they began to search them. And I came on them and said, "Stop, stop. They are innocent girls!"

Q. But you had no proof that they had evil motives. One man like yourself could not stop them if they had. A. But what right did they have to assault the girls?

Q. COMMISSIONER WALSH. But there was no attempt to rape? Their clothes were not disheveled? A. No, no rape. But they were searching them, and their clothes were disheveled.

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COMMISSIONER ADDAMS. We have had no testimony of that kind and we want to be positive.

MR. D. F. MALONE. But the girls were knocked down.

COMMISSIONER ADDAMS. He did not say they were knocked down, but that they were told to throw up their hands.

THE WITNESS. No, one of them, a Miss Barrett, had fallen down in the road.

Q. CHAIRMAN HOWE. You were in uniform? A. Yes.

Q. And you knew these men? A. Yes, I knew all of them.

Q. MR. D. F. MALONE. What was the reason for stationing so many of the military in a peaceful district like Clogheen? A. Well, they were trying to stir the people up, it seems to me.

Q. So that as far as your business goes, the military there in this peaceful district only stirred the people up? A. Yes.

Q. Did you know of any police murders after police had resigned? A. Yes, I know of a Constable Fahey stationed at Adair in County Limerick. The rule of the Government is that a man must give from three to six weeks' notice before they can resign. This man Fahey was out on duty one day after he had sent in his resignation. Three Black and Tans were with him, and when they came back they said that they were attacked by Sinn Feiners and Fahey was killed. None of them had been injured, and they had not arrested anybody.

Q. COMMISSIONER WALSH. By whom was he killed? A. They said he was attacked by Sinn Feiners.

Q. They were safe themselves? A. Yes, they were all right.

Q. COMMISSIONER THOMAS. You said that this General gave orders for the homes and property of Republican sympathizers to be destroyed. How many houses and hay ricks were destroyed where you were? A. None around Clogheen.

Q. Why is that? A. Because the people were so quiet there. The people there were in favor of the military and police going out of Ireland. They were not wanted there.

Q. MR. D. F. MALONE. Do you remember the raid on Mrs. Walsh's home? A. Yes, I do.

Q. Who was Mrs. Walsh? A. Mrs. Walsh lived at Castle Grace, about two and a half miles from Clogheen. Her husband died in May last and she had three little children.

Q. What happened? A. On different occasions the military would raid her house, sometimes at twelve o'clock and sometimes at two. It got so bad that she complained to County Inspector Langhorne, the county police inspector for the South of Ireland, and he said it was too bad, but he could do nothing for her, because the military were not under the control of the police inspector.

Q. COMMISSIONER ADDAMS. Why did they raid this house? A. Because they suspected that the Volunteers were training around there. But they never found anything in the house on any of the raids—not anything.

Q. COMMISSIONER WOOD. Were you there? A. I was there on one occasion, and refused to go into the Walsh house.

Q. Did you hear reports about it? A. Yes, I heard reports in the barracks when they got back, and also heard of it from the Walsh's themselves.

Q. Do the Royal Irish Constabulary and the Black and Tans get along very well together? A. No, they do not. An Inspector General, Deputy Inspector Geddes, Mr. Pierce, and several others, and five hundred men of the ranks, tendered their resignations from the force during April and May because of the present conditions that are disgracing the service.

Q. Out of how many? A. Out of nine thousand men.

Q. The Royal Irish Constabulary are not used any more alone now? A. The R. I. C. are not used to carry out these military orders. The Black and Tans do that.

Q. Mr. Crowley, after you resigned, were any attempts made against your life? A. Yes, after I tendered my resignation, the Black and Tans put loaded revolvers up and backed me up there against the walls and threatened to shoot me.

Q. COMMISSIONER WOOD. For what reason? A. Because I had told Mr. Walsh and Condon that they were going to shoot them.

CHAIRMAN HOWE. Where were these Black and Tans from? From England? A. Yes, from England, most all ex-army men.

Q. Were the officers from the ranks, or of the officer class? A. Most of them were from the ranks, or petty officers.

Q. MR. D. F. MALONE. Why did you tender your resignation from the Royal Irish Constabulary? A. I tendered my resignation from the constabulary because of the misgovernment of the English in Ireland.

Q. CHAIRMAN. I would like to ask you what pay the constables received. A. The wages were advanced in March, 1919. When I resigned we were offered two shillings a day more if we would remain. The pay then was twenty pounds a month, in American money at present rates of exchange about eighty dollars.

Q. What was the pay of the Black and Tans? A. The Black and Tans were getting one pound seven shillings a day.

Q. COMMISSIONER WOOD. Why do you say you think that? A. The pay was not made known to the R. I. C. in the barracks.

Q. CHAIRMAN HOWE. So that the Black and Tans are getting about twice what you got? A. Well, they were getting seven shillings more a day than we would get after the raise.

Q. MR. D. F. MALONE. Mr. Crowley, what can you tell us about the destruction of creameries? A. Well, I remember passing by Killmacomma and Way Cross in Tipperary the day after the creamery there had been destroyed. There were thirty-six soldiers and officers who had taken crow-bars and knocked down the creamery, saying they were looking for arms. They didn't find any, but they wrecked the creamery.

Q. MR. D. F. MALONE. When was that? A. The end of March.

Q. Were fairs and markets prohibited at this time? A. Fairs and markets in Tipperary were prohibited for about a year, from February, 1919, to the end of March 1920—for over a year that is.

Q. What was carried on at these fairs? A. The chief purpose of these fairs was that the Irish farmers could sell their cattle and butter and their foodstuffs in these markets.

Q. COMMISSIONER WALSH. Are they held there now? A. They are held there now, but they were not until March, 1920.

Q. How long have the people been denied the right to assemble for public meetings and discussions? A. Especially since March, 1919, no meetings have been allowed to be held.

Q. Is that still true? A. Yes. If a man wanted to sell his house or farm, he could not sell it without a permit—an auction would not be allowed to take place. And if he were a Sinn Fein sympathizer, he couldn't get the permit. If a hunting match or a football match took place without a permit, a party of soldiers would come and drive them off the field.

Q. Since what time? A. Since March, 1919.

Q. Now, in the county of Clare were there any murders of police officers or any interference with police officers previous to March, 1919? A. No, there was not, sir.

Q. COMMISSIONER ADDAMS. You say, Mr. Crowley, that there had been orders to shoot on sight a Sinn Feiner or Republican. But that was never done in daylight? A. Most of the cases were at night, yes.

Q. So that they did not carry out that order of shooting with machine guns on sight? A. Well, they did. The military carried out the order in different places of setting fire to houses.

Q. COMMISSIONER ADDAMS. Yes, but shooting people on sight was not done. A. Not in Clogheen, but it was done in other parts of Ireland.

Q. COMMISSIONER WALSH. Did you belong to any Sinn Fein organization while you were a member of the Royal Irish Constabulary? A. While I was in the R. I. C. I was in favor and sympathy with the Irish movement. But I did not join any organization until after my resignation.

Q. MR. D. F. MALONE. Mr. Crowley, have you a family? A. No, sir.

Q. Why did you leave Ireland? A. I was afraid the Black and Tans would follow me.

Q. You left on account of your health then? A. Yes, sir.

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